FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

hibernia

OCTOBER 20th, 1972

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Mary Holland: British Public Opinion

East Belfast Riots

New Provo Tactics

Wexford Teachers Strike

Coalition Talks

Brian Lenihan: A Future Taoiseach?

Letters to the Editor

Fifth Columnist

Sir,—In his genuflecting review of Gay Byrne's book of paperbacked pap, Hugh Leonard works his Y-fronts into a frazzle because "Eamonn McCann was allowed to turn the programme into what amounted to an I.R.A. recruiting rally." The inference here, of course, is that Mr. Leonard looks upon recruiting rallies with roughly the same degree of enthusiasm as a flat-earther looks upon globes.

Regular readers of Mr. Leonard's fifth column know better. As an axegrinding apologist for those parvenu peatniks, the I.F.M., there is of course at least one recruiting rally which never fails to warm the cockles of Mr. Leonard's hornblowing heart. So, when Mrs. Joan O'Brien stalked into the Late Late soapbox in an effort to rope in an extra few thousand E-type troglodytes, to the emancipated ears of Mr. Leonard, the shrill, highpitched bitchery of the Barbara Fritchie of Baggot Street was as music.

However, even at his most morose Mr. Leonard can still manage to have us all in stitches. After first fingerwagging one adherent of compulsory Irish for devoutely wishing that God would send down multiple cancer on Gay Byrne, he later on solemnly intones: "At 60p—a hefty price for a paperback, even illustrated—one would have wished for an appendix."—Geddit?—Yours, etc.

DIARMAID MacDAIBHEID,
Leim an Bharadain,
Cill Dara.

Anti-Critique

Sir,—I am sorry to see the generally high level of *Hibernia* dulled, last issue, by school girl sentences such as, "But it is in this area that a crippling parochialism becomes hideously evident." And, ". . . is wont to use the expression Pinteresque (or similar) as a pejorative flourish . . . " etc. With such a mature and honed style Mr. Lawrence does well to brave the cripplingly parochial columns of *Hibernia*.

I have news for the Ealing Eagle: Nowadays many of us live in the mentally stimulating air and natural humanities of Dublin as refugees from the boring cultural scenes, sounds, talk, and even theatrical life of London, New York, and other conglomerates of massive dullness. The best minds no longer go abroad early in life. Consequently the tone of life here and the quality of conversation and writing is so much more attractive than for instance, London—including Ealing, in whose awful environs not a few Dubliners still languish, sadly.

"Tom Tinker" was written by an Irishman and produced in Ireland for an Irish audience. The production was intended as a step in a certain direction for the Abbey. The intention of the writer and the purposes of the theatre were very well served by the director. When Mr. Lawrence knows more of the intimate life of this city he may come to a less mechanical assessment of such happenings as "Tom Tinker." And if he hopes to live in this city one day he will have to sharpen up his wits—by for instance learning to distinguish between amateur pretenders like Pinter and genuine writers—and take the trouble to quote other writers correctly. He could make a start by studying the practised ease with words of Mr. John Jordan in his column, and his economy with words.—Yours, etc.,

ERNEST GEBLER.
Cnoc Aluin,
Dalkey,
Co. Dublin.

Munro's Answer

Sir,—I wrote in my article of September 8th that "all prophecies about the economic future are based on the past and are of limited accuracy." Mr. Hein chooses to call this a "savage attack on economic forecasting" and calls in aid a quotation from R. C. Geary which in fact echoes my own views. Just who is being "petty and silly"?

Pennington is shocked that someone should regard it as preposterous that one of Brian Faulkner's former Ministers should launch a League of Prayer and Reconciliation. But I would have found it equally (not more) preposterous if Ruari O Bradaigh had done so—but Mr. O Bradaigh probably has a sense of humour and I wouldn't have an indignant letter denouncing me.

Of course prayer is good, the only really worth-while activity. But if the North has taught us any lesson, it is that religion is best kept out of politics. Mr. Pennington's League, with its emphasis on the guilt of Irishmen, is adopting a political stance. It is encouraging Britain to maintain her aloof, superior, rule - the - troublesome - Paddies - by - dividing - them attitude and thereby helping to prolong the miseries of the North.—Yours, etc,

HUGH MUNRO
1 St. Kevin's Park,
Dartry, Dublin 6.

More Questions

Sir,—One starts to tire of Hugh Munro's unbalanced viewpoint. His belief that nonsectarian Unionism will somehow come to an accommodation with Irish Republicanism must be answered.

There are good solid reasons why Unionists, sectarian and non-sectarian (the latter being, I suppose, the liberal middle-class element, a stillborn political animal in Ulster if ever I saw one), fear and dread the prospect of a united Ireland. It has nothing to do with love of England. It has a lot to do with the social and economic backwardness of the Republic (the average annual wage in Britain, though lower than any in continental Europe, is still £300 higher than Ireland), the lack of a comprehensive welfare state, the criminally inequitable income differentials, the fact that education is almost completely in the hands of the Catholic Church, that freedom of expression is hamstrung by archaic censorship law, that basic rights of divorce and contraception are non-existant.

It is very easy for Mr. Munro to lay the blame for the tragic state of our country at the door of British Imperialism. Irish history supplies brutal evidence for the prosecution. But ranting about Britain's guilt will not turn one Ulster Unionist into an Irish Republican. Something much more difficult, more dangerous has to be done, Mr. Munro. You have to persuade your leaders to change the inequitable balance of Irish society, to stop governing for the rich and reactionary, and to make a solid effort to eliminate poverty, class bias and clerical power in the Republic. Then, and only then, will you get Ulster Protestants, even those few of us already well-disposed towards a united island, to work whole-heartedly for the happiness and prosperity of a 32-county Republic of Ireland.—Yours, etc.,

STUART PETERS,
Trinity College,
Dublin 2

Gay Byrne

Sir,—You say (October 6) that Gay Byrne is threatening to sue the Sunday Independent **"because columnist Des Hickey jumped the gun on the serialisation of Gay's book (and) included extracts from the book and other material which Gay claims were 'unauthorised'."**

I most certainly did not include extracts from the book in my article and to say that I did is most damaging to me as a professional journalist. My article was based on my personal knowledge of Gay Byrne, whose life-story, after all, is not unknown!—Yours, etc.,

DES HICKEY.
Sunday Independent.

The Archbishops Limousine

Sir,—Your drama critic, Mary Manning, in her notice of the current Abbey production of "The Silver Tassie" (Hibernia, October 6), is concerned about the mode of transport used by Archbishop Ryan when he attended the first night of the present run.

She refers to "the long black limousine of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin" being "drawn up outside the theatre" and adds: "The thought did occur to me, looking at that limousine, that Christ rode into Jerusalem on a donkey, but I put the thought from me as irreverent and ungrateful."

May I reassure your drama critic? I do not know who owned the long, black limousine, but it was not Dr. Ryan's: he does not possess one. He arrived at the Abbey that night on foot.—Yours, etc.,

OSMOND DOWLING,
Diocesan Press Office,
62 Eccles Street,
Dublin 7.

In Defence of Women Composers

Sir,—With all due respect to Mr. John Broderick, the explanation of why there have been so few women composers is considerably more complex than his facile remarks would suggest. It really does not help at all towards an understanding to make these silly unclassifiable comparisons with male composers. Statistically most women composers have been operating in this century (isn't that in itself significant?), and have therefore written in modern techniques and idioms which are not easily compared with what went before in terms of absolute 'value'. That being said, I doubt very much whether modern women composers like Germaine Tailleferre, Elizabeth Lutyens and Prieulx Rainier are lesser composers than Gounod or Respighi — however you choose to evaluate Gounod and Respighi. (Incidentally, Mr. Broderick's estimate of Respighi is probably distorted by the accident of cultural history that his better music, 'abstract' instrumental works, were regarded as so out of character for an Italian composer than they did not secure performances outside the conservatories).

Joan Baez—woman composer?

Mr. Broderick has not convinced me that much of the explanation may not be traced to socio-cultural deprivation. Certainly his point about male infant prodigies seems in no way to lessen the cogency of that argument. Being a performing prodigy has little or nothing to do with compositional ability, although no doubt in an indirect sense the exposure to the musical world which an infant prodigy gets may stimulate any latent compositional gift that he/she may have. In that case, the example of someone like Maria Theresa von Paradies may be instructive. Had more girls been deliberately cultivated as instrumental prodigies in previous ages, we might have seen statistically more instances of girl-prodigies becoming composers of the quality of von Paradies. Anyhow, please do not drag up cases like Mozart and Mendelssohn, Mr. Broderick. Little if anything that these composers wrote before the age of 15 shows any mark of greatness: in some cases it is sheer snobbery for concert promoters and record companies to feed us their juvernialia.

One final though. There are an awful lot of mediocre male composers, more now than ever before. One possible explanation for the overplus is that males are (for reasons I won't go into) often psychologically frustrated and the only way they can convince themselves that they are persons is to write music. Perhaps the generality of women are simply more integrated!—Yours, etc.,

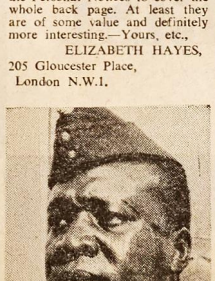
MARGARET PINNINGTON.
Royal Irish Academy of Music,
36-38 Westland Row,
Dublin 2.

Mary Pseudo Lefty

Sir,—Was Mary Kenny's Diary in your issue of 6/10/72 some kind of subtle joke? If so, it was not only without humour but witless. She seems to think the world is just a figment of her overwrought imagination, *vive* Uganda and "the gorgeous dreadful stories" of the British press which she missed (regretfully?). She went to Africa a Socialist and returned sufficiently chastened to appreciate the style of Haughey's knack with the champagne! Of course after such heady stuff as Krug '62 it is no wonder that the Arms Trial appears to be a little affair. (Where is Belfast anway?).

If this is the best she can do it might be a good idea to extend the Personal Notices to cover the whole back page. At least they are of some value and definitely more interesting.—Yours, etc.,

ELIZABETH HAYES,
205 Gloucester Place,
London N.W.1.



General Amin

. . . and naive?

Sir,—I am sorry Mary Kenny returned from her visit to Uganda so disillusioned. Perhaps if she had done some homework before she went, rather than relying on the simplistic reactions of her anti-imperialist friends (who, she says, were "jubilant to see him kick the British in the teeth"), she would not have been surprised to find the regime so hateful.

General Amin's predecessor was not the most progressive of African leaders, but nevertheless he was at the time of the coup taking an increasingly strong anti-imperialist line on the Southern Africa issue and had also in 1970 nationalised foreign firms. A few days after the coup, a report in the South African *Sunday Times* stated that "the ring of hardline African States that was pressing on Britain over the South African arms issue has snapped. The leader who was most malignant on confrontation is a refugee in Dar es Salaam . . . As a result of the coup on Monday, Britain can pursue the course of her own strategic interests lightened of one millstone." Very soon the new President was broadcasting his intention to curb the nationalisation programme and to maintain good relations with the British.

Little wonder therefore that the Tory Government in Britain was one of the first countries to recognise General Amin's government after the coup. Little wonder too that the South African Premier also welcomed the coup, and indeed in one bitter attack on President Kaunda of Zambia warned him that unless he was more careful he would "find himself in the same aeroplane as Obote". The conflict between Uganda and Tanzania is a blessing for South Africa, for it weakens one of South Africa's most steadfast opponents.

One cannot dignify General Amin's coup with the name of revolution, as Mary Kenny does. If she had investigated the circumstances of the coup, she might have been more suspicious. If Britain and South Africa did not actually encourage the coup, it was certainly greatly to their advantage. It had nothing to do with democracy, or socialism.

Yours, etc.,
LOUISE ASMAL
173 Barton Road East,
Dublin 14.

Backbiting Page

Sir,—The back page of your issue of *September 22nd* is so utterly boring to an ordinary reader in the North like myself that I wonder if your other readers are equally fed up with having it thrust upon them.

Why treat us to a blow-by-blow account of journalists' infighting? Why give us your own opinions on the respective merits of the *Sunday Times/Observer*? We have minds of our own and can make them up ourselves (I happen to read both Sunday papers).

Anyhow, as regards accuracy, the *Sunday Times* Insight team is not above reproach, as you must know—several of the more glaring errors were listed by Henry Kelly of *The Irish Times* in a review.

Readers are surely interested to read papers of their own choice, and nothing is more exasperating than to find a page devoted to journalists' pettiness and jealousy.—Yours, etc.,

VIVIEN MAGOWAN,
65 Marlborough Park South,
Belfast.

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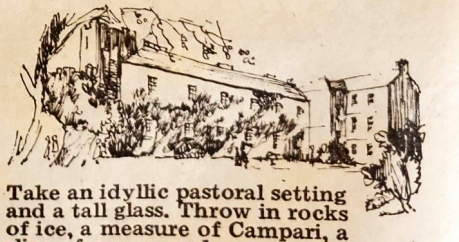

Take an idyllic pastoral setting and a tall glass. Throw in rocks of ice, a measure of Campari, a slice of orange and a generous shoosh of soda. A leisurely drink. The Ballymaloe Campari — ideal preparation for a meal in The Yeats Room, Shanagarry.

CAMPARI

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW
hibernia

The Priority Of Unity

THERE IS SOMETHING particularly seductive about the central theme in Conor Cruise O'Brien's line on the North. "To insist on progress towards unity," he repeated again at the Kinsale Labour Party Conference last weekend, "in conditions where a million Protestants reject that concept is, I think, though unwittingly and unintentionally, a formula for civil war." The argument is seductive both because of its apparent simplicity and because of the implication that to disagree with it is somehow to encourage the extension of civil war. Certainly, the argument has carried great weight with the Labour Party leadership, but except for the kiss of death from Lord O'Neill, it has received no endorsement North of the Border. And that is hardly surprising.

In the first place, formulae for civil wars are no longer required in that part of Ireland. The inhabitants already have a real live model of their own. Their formula, which is a proven one, is certainly more complex than that propounded by the Labour Party spokesman on the North. Its roots go back into history, but persistent coercion of one sort or another is a fairly constant ingredient over the years. The coercion of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants into a political enclave against their will is a fifty-year-old part of that formula. The abuse and deprivation of the minority thus undemocratically created is another and freshly recurring part of the recipe.

In the second place, if Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien is as concerned for Unionist sensibilities as he claims to be, he could do them the extreme favour of minding his own business. If one recognises the legitimacy of the Unionist position, one should refrain from meddling at all in their domestic affairs. How many of the "one million Protestants," one wonders, have asked Dr. O'Brien for his opinions, his intervention or his formulae ?

Conor Cruise O'Brien's formula is presumably concerned with an extension of the civil war to the remainder of this island. But is it not more valid to say that the continued resistance to reunification by a minority on this island is, and has been, the underlying cause of conflict since 1920 ? And if this argument is accepted, is there any point in turning a blind eye to such a fundamental consideration at the very time when the future constitutional position of the Six Counties is being decided ? Dr. O'Brien is not alone in viewing with horror the possibility of an enlargement of the strife and slaughter which is now a daily occurrence in the North. But can it not equally be said that the responsibility for such a tragedy, if it ever takes place, rests primarily with those who have frustrated, and who continue to frustrate, the majority will of the Irish people ?

It would be impossible to estimate the real cost to this country in economic terms of its artificial partition half a century ago. Certainly, the fact that North and South suffer the highest rates of unemployment in Western Europe is not unconnected with this unnatural truncation of the economic unit. In political terms, the effect is more obvious and even more devastating. Thanks mainly to partition, political life North and South over the last fifty years has been a period of introversion, sterility and stagnation. The ill-effects of partition on every part of our society are too serious to be banished from the forefront of our minds even temporarily. And the determination to be rid of it is too high a priority to put aside for any reason whatsoever.

There is another danger in this attempt to put the pursuit of reunification on the long finger and it is this: the further off the prospect of any form of unity appears, the slower will be the course of necessary adjustment in the South. The implications of reunification have scarcely begun to be debated in the South as yet. Potential reunification, even if it is to be phased over the next quarter century, will require fundamental adjustments in the South in constitutional, social, religious and economic affairs. Ironically, the main pressure for an examination of these issues at the moment is emanating from the North, rather than the South. But, as with entry to the E.E.C., only the discipline of inexorable schedules will force people and politicians alike to face up to these difficult decisions.

Fine Gael

Coalition Talks

AFTER THE MARATHON Oireachtas Party Meeting, there is little doubt but that a substantial majority within Fine Gael are strongly in favour of coalition and it should not be at all surprising that they are. It was the advent of the first coalition which helped revive an ailing Fine Gael in 1948 and it was the promise of a second coalition which won Fine Gael its then all-time high total of 50 seats in 1954. More than that there is absolutely nobody within the Fine Gael party at the present time who does not know in his heart that Fine Gael's only possible avenue to power is in a coalition arrangement.

It is just possible that until recently there were some in the party who held the comfortable view that all the party had to do was to hold on until such time as must inevitably come when the electorate, satiated with Fianna Fail jobbery and incompetence, would turn gratefully for salvation to an honest, upright Fine Gael. Such a view was a comfortable one in that it permitted those who held it from taking any initiatives or engaging in gut politics — and it was held by more than a few leading people in F.G. Unfortunately however it bore little relation to the reality and it was probably the savage realisation that Fianna Fail, in spite of the incredible events of the past three years, in spite of the weakness of the present Cabinet, was still in electoral terms infinitely stronger than F.G. (a realisation hammered home by Mid-Cork) which set the party urgently in search of a coalition arrangement.

Nevertheless in spite of the clear realisation that Coalition offered the only possible way out of the present electoral stalemate, the Fine Gael decision was not taken lightly or without considerable reservations on the part of many members of the Oireachtas Party. Stripped to their essentials these reservations are two-fold — the fear (or hope, for some) that one of Labour's conditions for coalition may be the ditching of Liam Cosgrave (as Head of Government, not necessarily of F.G.); and the doubts many Fine Gaelers have about the reliability and suitability of some members of the Labour party in a future alliance.

On the question of leadership, there is probably nobody in Fine Gael who is fully happy with Liam Cosgrave's performance over the past seven years. There are some who are positively unhappy with it and see no hope for Fine Gael until he goes. His record over the past seven years shows him to be a man who consolidates but who does not take chances, as a man with little flair for evoking popular enthusiasm, as a man who does not exploit to the full the mistakes of his opponents.

It will be said by his supporters that F.G. is stronger now than in 1965 and this is true but only marginally so. The party's image has improved little over these years and its organisation even less. Most of all neither Cosgrave or his party have come across as being a credible or possible alternative Government. And even in those areas where the party has obviously been strengthened — its front-bench personnel for example — his opponents charge that this has come largely in spite of Liam Cosgrave —that his fear of being over-shadowed prevents him from exploiting to the full the talent in his party and that his abiding fear of a take-over plot makes him reluctant to trust any but a few trusted henchmen.

Put at its most simple, the case against Cosgrave is that he has had seven years to prove himself and has failed — and that the party simply cannot wait around much longer. Some of his opponents may concede that those very qualities which make Cosgrave such a bad opposition leader might well make him an excellent premier. It should not be forgotten that his father who had an excellent record as prime minister during ten extremely difficult years was a poor opposition leader and that much of Fine Gael's subsequent difficulties stem from that time. But for most of his opponents this proposition is of little more than academic value, since Cosgrave seems incapable of ever getting into a situation of power.

Under normal circumstances such considerations need not disturb Liam Cosgrave nor ruffle the calm of the parliamentary party. His greatest strength lies in the inertia of so many of the parliamentary members and in the inability of those opposed to him to produce a candidate who is prepared first of all to make a challenge and secondly to win such a challenge. It is not sure that Tom O'Higgins wants to be leader or that he would be an improvement in vote-getting terms. Garret FitzGerald wants to lead Fine Gael and probably believes that he could do it better than Liam Cosgrave — as do many of the younger members of the party. But he has some powerful enemies within the party who are determined to see that he never gets the chance.

But the question still remains: what sort of Labour Party will there be, after the next general election, to merge with? The split over the Party endorsement of the SDLP document, and the attitude particularly of Conor Cruise O'Brien, is more serious than has been reported so far. At the last Party meeting, John O'Connell had put down a motion to accept in principle the SDLP document. Brendan Corish's amendment to this resolution — that the Labour Party should meet the SDLP for further discussion — was saved only by Mr. Corish himself, casting the Chairman's deciding vote. Those voting against the amendment were understood to be Messrs. Coughlan, Fitzgerald (Sen.), O'Connell, O'Donovan, Pattison, Spring, Treacy and Thornley. Justin Keating voted in favour of the resolution, but only after asking O'Brien to step down as the Party's spokesman on the North. His role therefore, can only be interpreted as a determination not to embarrass the Leader. So closely has Brendan Corish identified himself with the O'Brien line, that a vote against O'Brien is tantamount to an attack on the leadership itself. Certainly in this case, if Keating had voted where his sentiment obviously lay, O'Brien's position would have been untenable, and the split would be wide open.

The Labour leadership has survived, or at least glossed over this crisis, as it has done so often in the past. The pressure of events in the North however, will hardly allow this issue to conveniently disappear. And in the near future the first exploratory meeting on Coalition between the leaders and deputy leaders of Fine Gael and Labour are due to take place. There is still lots of action to come.

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IT SAYS SOMETHING for the speed with which the Northern crisis is escalating, that the title of Michael McKeown's excellent booklet, "The First Five Hundred", has been outdated by yet another hundred deaths since his two essays went to print. The main essay analyses the circumstances in which 500 people have met violent deaths since the shooting started three years ago. Copies are available at newsagents (20p), or from this office, 179 Pearse St., Dublin 2, at 22 post paid.

◆ ◆ ◆

East Belfast

A Dying Community

IT HAS LONG been recognised that in the face of a Protestant backlash, the most vulnerable Catholics in the North of Ireland are those living in the East side of Belfast. They are vulnerable because they are few in number and scattered sparsely through an area which has been militantly Protestant in the fullest tradition of Ulster Protestantism. The area of Ballymacarret the general term given to East Belfast, was one of the two parishes which originally made up the town of Belfast; significantly the other parish was Shankill on the North side of the Lagan. Ballymacarret is bounded by the Newtownards Road and the Ravenhill Road. On the Ravenhill Road stands Ian Paisley's Martyrs' Memorial Church, the biggest Protestant church to be built in these islands since Wren built St. Paul's. It looks across the huddle of a Catholic ghetto to where Goliath, the biggest crane in Europe, overshadows the shipyard, the aircraft factory, the Sirocco Engineering works and the Belfast Ropeworks.

It is the workers in these plants who contribute to the unique character of Ballymacarret. It was their desire to protect their standard of living in the last century which led them to rally to the Orange lodge as a bastion against the threat of cheap labour posed by the influx of Catholic migrants from the Western areas of Ulster. It is their present comparative level of prosperity and their closeknit sense of community which is reflected in the way food shops of the area, in the multitude of churches and mission halls and in the vigorous social life of the area pursued through the pubs and the drinking and social clubs. For the people of East Belfast the highlight of the year is the annual Orange commemoration of the Battle of the Somme on the 1st July which is such a flamboyant display of Orange triumphalism that it is known as the "Little Twelfth".

Since it reaches out to embrace the respectable suburbia of Castlereagh and Cregagh it is a curious political mixture. It is the bailiwick of David Bleakley, the former M.P. who still spearheads the East Belfast Peace Committee a nebulous non-political group which seems to come to life only when Bleakley wants to make a political speech. His former constituency of Victoria is now held by the ex-Cabinet Minister Roy Bradford who has deserted Brian Faulkner but has not yet deserted the Unionist Party although actively exploring the implications of a link between North and South. The Westminster M.P. for the area is Stanley McMaster, who once demonstrated his impartaility on television by describing how bullet holes were all "on our side of the street" by which he meant the Protestant side. Mr. McMaster's current loyalties were clearly signalled when he marched side by side with Bill Craig, John Taylor and John McKeague to the Vanguard rally held in Stormont on September 30th. Although McKeague is more generally associated with the Shankill Defence Association his home is on the Albertbridge Road in the middle of Ballymacarret and it was there that his mother was burned to death when his home was petrol bombed in May, 1971. Billy Hull does not live in the area but he works in the area and he was seen with his henchmen visiting shops on the Newtownards Road prior to the Vanguard rally. Most of the shops closed during the rally but the organisers assure us that there was no intimidation.

Overshadowed by the panoply of Protestant power which is everywhere evident, the Catholic population of Ballymacarret see themselves as peculiarly isolated. There is a solid concentration of four thousand Catholics in the Short Strand which skirts the Lagan between the Newtownards and Ravenhill roads. The ghetto abuts onto the Newtownards Road around St. Matthew's Church, which was the scene of the gun battle on the 28th June, 1970, when the Provisional I.R.A. mounted their first display of military strength. That gun battle, which claimed four lives, recalled for many people of the area the period in the Twenties when the district was called the Dardanelles because of its high fatality rates. It also ensured that since then the British Army has remained in strength around the perimeter keeping the Catholics in and the Protestants out. Army casualties have been slight in comparison with other areas but it was at this perimeter that Staff Sergeant Malcolm Banks was killed two minutes before the short-lived Cease Fire of June 26th. It was near here in Anderson St, that eight people including four Provisionals were killed in an as yet unexplained car bomb explosion on May 28th.

Within the perimeter the Catholics may paint the lampposts green, white and orange, daub the walls with anti-internment slogans and sally out occasionally to blast off at passing Orange parades. Further out from the river the scattered groups of Catholics live anonymously and without display. That was the recipe for peace in the past and it worked reasonably well. It worked so well that there has never been a very strong Army presence in these areas. It is for this reason that life for these Catholics has since the introduction of Direct Rule become exceedingly hazardous. Many of the Catholic licensed premises in the area changed hands in 1969 when the publicans interpreted the message of the petrol bomb correctly. Latterly it has been the turn of the small traders to get the message.

The fish and chip shop owners and the corner newsagents have been suffering particularly at the hands of the Woodstock Tartan, a gang of a couple of hundred teenagers who are sufficiently well organised and manipulated by the local U.D.A. to be brought on to the streets when their mentors judge the time is right for a political demonstration. Their numbers and their degree of co-ordination enable them to wreak considerable havoc before the Army appears on the scene, although there have been some short sharp clashes. It was in a clash with the Woodstock Tartan on May 21st that John Black, the first U.D.A. fatality, was killed. When the Army is not around, however, the Tartans can move freely. One evening three weeks ago an order went out over the police radio announcing the approach of a crowd of several hundreds along the Woodstock Road and instructing all police personnel to withdraw to barracks. Under the cover of the freely roaming mobs small sinister groups operate more anonymously and directly. Patrick McCullough, Philip Fay and Edward Pavis are just three of the men killed at their own doors in this area. The ring of fear has tightened so much that the body of Philip Fay lay all night across his open door because none of his neighbours would venture out to investigate the gunshots which killed him.

Just as surely as individuals are dying, so too is the communtiy which was once Ballymacarret. Redevelopment is under way and already one side of the Newtownards Road is being closed off as shop leases fall due. Further up the road each block of shops is picked out in bold relief by a gutted shop with its charred frontage brooding over the remaining shops. On the Albertbridge Road many of the premises are now bricked up by the breeze blocks and corrugated shuttering which are the sole relics of the fear which drove their former inhabitants out.

Between the Catholic Short Strand and the Protestant areas stands Bryson Street, a deserted no man's land of once respectable terraced housing where Catholics and Protestants had lived peacefully together. Going up the Newtownards Road last Saturday a strange sight could be seen. At the end of the day the windows and stalls of the greengrocers' shops were still full of produce. It was a nuisance for the traders of East Belfast but it was perhaps a portent for the future.

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Perhaps the British Army could explain why a van bearing the title McCausland's Sausages has been circling Belfast City Hall in the small hours of the morning.

Apart from the fact that it is a most inopportune time to deliver sausages to the Lord Mayor's Parlour no one in Belfast has ever tasted a McCausland sausage.

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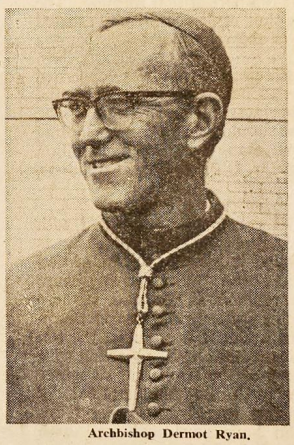
The Church

A Liberal Change?

OBSERVERS OF THE Irish clerical scene have noted in the past few years that a change from a closed Tridentine church to an open, Vatican II-type church was scarcely possible while all four university cities were controlled by die-hard anti-intellectual bishops. In the last few months there is a certain amount of evidence that the replacement of Archbishop John Charles McQuaid by Archbishop Dermot Ryan may at last have broken the vicious circle and begun a new era for the Irish Church for which liberals have been long hoping.

The latest piece of evidence for such a change comes from the recent publication of "Change in the Church", a pastoral letter from the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, signed—significantly, perhaps—only by the four archbishops and consequently not signed by the three remaining conservative bishops of university cities. The fact that such a pastoral should be prepared at all is in itself rather unusual in this country, with its long tradition of the single pastoral from each bishop at Lent. the event will be interpreted by many as a positive step by Archbishop Ryan to project a new image of the bishops and of the Church in Ireland.

It has to be conceded that, at least at a first reading, there is much that is traditional and even dull in the pastoral. Its structure and development carry none of that enthusiasm and originality which one finds in the writings of many of the modern theologians. There is a solid, sober account of Christ's life, the way he was remembered after his death, the growth and development of the Church, and finally the place of Christ in the world today. Certainly the



Archbishop Dermot Ryan.

conservative reader has enough to assure him that all the Irish bishops did not spend their holidays in Holland last summer.

There the identity with the old regime ends. "Change in the Church" is a title that contrasts quite sharply with the "no change" summary of Vatican II given by some Irish bishops on their return from the Council. Here and there through the text are little provocative ideas and comments which shake one out of the lethargy with which one usually reads such spiscopal pronouncements. Even the fact that there were four evangelists, we are told,

> "reminds us that a certain variety of acceptable reactions to the person and work of Christ was possible".

How far does an almost incidental remark like this allow us to wander? Is it an indication that we can accept, for example, that the Presbyterian interpretation of the structure of the ministry in the New Testament may well be as correct as our own At the very least, the sentence is a vindication of a certain plurality of theological thought in the Church—something that has been anathema to the Irish hierarchy in the past, and particularly in controversies like the Mother-and-Child Scheme and the contraception controversy.

The later sections of the document are clearer still on the possibility of genuine change in the Church. Pope John's distinction—made at the opening of Vatican II—between the substance of a doctrine and the way in which it is formulated is quoted with approval, though in one of his addresses to the Synod Pope Paul appears to have attempted to back-track on Pope John's statement.

Other liberal, open-minded sections could be quoted. Factors which cause change are listed in some detail, and it is conceded that even "cultural forces" can influence the Church's understanding of the teaching of Christ. These factors are seen as altering even such a hitherto immutable element in dogma—at least in conservative eyes—as the exercise of the papal ministry. It is the difference rather than the identity between 1870 and 1970 that is underlined.

At no point, unfortunately, does the document descend to the level of practical programmes of action. The comment is offered that

> "World population is increasing at a rate that is frightening in relation to man's present control and misuse of earth's resources. The greater part of mankind is underfed and undernourished. Great numbers are starving".

Such an admission calls not just for general appeals for interest on the part of Christians; it calls for action initiated and followed through by the hierarchy who, by virtue of their office and more so by their traditional confinement of power in their own hands, bear primary responsibility for practical programmes of Christian social action.

In its closing lines, "Change in the Church" underlines that *all the old certainties are gone forever. "If we think about it, maybe it is no harm that people should have their attitudes questioned and challenged . . . we must be prepared to suffer from the pace of change, from the extent of the questionings".*

Gone, apparently, are the days when every Irish bishop had his personal hot line to the Holy Ghost and could tell his subjects what the objective moral law said about anything from abortion to Zen Buddhism. If this pastoral letter is an indication of breakdown in direct communication between the Irish bishops and the Holy Ghost, it is perhaps the first sign of hope for the future.

Education

Wexford Teachers' Strike

SINCE 1956 there has been a cold war going on between the Co. Wexford Vocational Education Committee and the Vocational Teachers Association. On 10th October this year the Association took strike action that has resulted in closing down all the schools under the control of the V.E.C. and in leaving nearly one thousand pupils unattended to.

The history of the dispute makes peculiar reading. The first sign of it appeared in July, 1956, when Mr. P. B. Walsh, the Chief Executive Officer for the Co. Wexford Vocational Education Committee refused to forward their pay cheques to a number of teachers until such time as schemes of work for the coming year were lodged with him. The Association's legal adviser was of opinion that this action was illegal and with the threat of legal action in the air, the salaries were paid. There followed a marked deterioration of relations between Mr. Walsh and the teachers under his authority. Supported by a resolution of the V.E.C. he transferred teachers, often with little notice, from one part of the county to another — one was transferred ten times in five years — and took to sending sharp notes demanding that information on seemingly trivial matters be submitted to him without delay. A typical note of this kind would end : "Unless this document is received in this office by return I will be compelled to take action that may have unpleasant consequences for you". The over-all result was that teachers left the county as soon as they could get employment elsewhere. Within a period of three years, twenty-seven out of a total of thirty-three had to be replaced.

At this point the Minister for Education, then Mr. Jack Lynch, took a hand in the

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matter, and an investigation was held. Undertakings were given to the teachers that they would no longer be approached truculently and distrustfully and, above all, that there would be no more arbitrary transfers. Within a short time the V.E.C. restored to Mr. Walsh the authority to effect what transfers he thought desirable, and the first victim in the new situation was Mr. Powell, a teacher attached to the Vocational School in New Ross, and Co. Wexford Branch Secretary of the V.T.A. Mr. Powell was a family man with four children and his home was in New Ross. His transfer to Adamstown meant that he had to cycle a considerable distance each day. His early death was the cause of deep distress among vocational teachers everywhere. Mr. Lynch and successive Ministers for Education made desultory efforts to improve matters, but faced with a hostile V.E.C. made little impact. The teachers themselves began to weary of the struggle, and sickened by the fate of Tom Powell began to adopt a passive attitude. They tended to remain in the county just long enough to keep in employment until they could move on, a state of affairs eloquently pointed up by VTA President, Kevin McCarthy on the day the strike began last week when he said that in the past three years forty-six teachers left one school. The reasons given by Mr. McCarthy for this exodus were the continual harassment of the teachers and the denigration of their professional status.

Possibly the situation would have continued like this with teachers finding their own solution by leaving as quickly as they could were it not for the arrival on the scene of three dynamic officers of the Co. Wexford Branch of the VTA. These three, Mr. Ronnie McCormack, Chairman, Mr. Kevin O'Driscoll, and Mr. Jim Hurley, Treasurer, showed a determination to stand their ground, and rallied the rest of the teachers to take a similar stand. The support of the VTA is overwhelming and a Special Congress has voted a levy big enough to pay all Co. Wexford teachers their salaries indefinitely. The only losers will be the pupils and their parents.

Efforts to avert the strike failed in a confusion of charge and counter charge between the VTA and the VEC. The former have published a list of fifteen points that, they claim, were agreed to by the VEC at a meeting held under the auspices of the Department of Education in June. From all the evidence there is little doubt but that the VEC did, in fact, accept all the fifteen points on that occasion, and that they blandly rescinded a number of them at their next meeting. The VTA have long heads on them and are reluctant to have any more direct dealings with them. They now demand that the Minister dissolve the VEC, as he has power to do, and suspend the C.E.O. This puts the Minister in a quandary. If he dissolves the VEC he may be accused of interfering in the internal affairs of a local statutory body. If he suspends the C.E.O. he may be setting a precedent some of his own officers may not be happy about. But if he does nothing a great injustice will be done to a great many young people.

The majority of the VEC consists of Labour and Fine Gael members and it is, to the embarrassment of Mr. Corish, the Labour men who are most viciously against the teachers. Mr. Collins, shadow Minister for Education in Fine Gael, has blamed the Minister for allowing the strike to take place, but he has received the inevitable answer that Mr. Bowe, the chairman of the Co. Wexford VEC, is a member of the Fine Gael Party. When asked what he thought of the demand by the VTA that the VEC be dissolved, Mr. Bowe gave a bucolic chuckle and said they would want to do away with the Department of Education next. He might have something there.

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Q. With his Monaghan seat in danger at the next general election, what are the plans for Erskine Childer's next 34 years in the Dail.

A. He will move to Wicklow to take Paudge Brennan's seat, with perhaps a bit of Kildare thrown in to cement the re-election. Wicklow is the only county in Ireland where the proportion of Protestants has not declined since the 1926 census.

Brian Lenihan: A Future Taoiseach?

Terry Kelleher

Profile

THERE IS AN old Fianna Fail joke which describes Brian Lenihan as the most promising member of the Cabinet, which ends with the punch-line—"because he'll promise you anything." It tells quite a lot about the man but not the whole story. Certainly he is obliging, decent and easy-going, and though his nickname "Olly" (as in Laurel and Hardy), died with Donogh O'Malley who gave it to him, it is this image of an amiable but nondescript political lightweight that tends to persist in the mind of the public.

In fact it is an image which is both ill-deserved and misleading. A political enemy —and it is perhaps a sign of weakness rather than strength that he has few, if any, of these—might claim that the most significant achievement of his fifteen years of public life has been to survive, fifteen years. But in the context of today's Fianna Fail, where Blaney, Boland and Haughey have all fallen by the wayside to be replaced by comparative youngsters, at a time when Hillery is off to Brussels, and only George Colley remains as a not-so-certain heir apparent, "survival" as the cliche has it, "is the name of the game." Like it or not, Brian Lenihan, whose standing is soon to be further enhanced by the Foreign Affairs portfolio, may one day be—whisper it—Taoiseach.

One of the first things to note about Brian Lenihan, is that despite his relative youth—he will be forty-three next St. Patrick's Day —the boxer's face, softened by a permanent boyish grin and topped by symmetrical ripples of brylcreamed hair, has been on the scene for a very long time. He has worked in four Government Departments, and during the past eight years, headed three key ministries. That his public successes have been few is hardly relevant: he has survived his public failures and that's what counts. More important he is popular within the party, has a strong rural support (a distinct advantage over Colley), and he hasn't allowed his loyalty to Jack Lynch to come between his friendship for his erstwhile Cabinet colleagues, particularly Charlie Haughey.

He first sought office in the Longford/Westmeath constituency at the general election of 1954, when he was just twenty-four, and though unsuccessful—he received 4,500 votes by the fifth count, just half way towards the quota—it was a respectable attempt for someone of his age. By the 1957 election he had transferred his affections west of the Shannon to Roscommon, though his feelings were not reciprocated by the electorate and he failed again. The gap was closing, however, and by the time he was eliminated on the 8th count, he trailed James Burke, the successful Fine Gael man, by a mere four hundred votes. In 1955 he had been elected to Roscommon County Council, and he decided against any further switch. A barrister by profession, and son of a wealthy Athlone businessman who later became a T.D. in his own right, he spent his time carefully building up contacts in that large and difficult rural constituency. In the country he worked hard getting to know the key Fianna Failers in every town and village, and in Dublin frequented Groome's Hotel, where he met the men who really ran the party.

In 1957 he secured nomination to the Senate and won himself a seat, and in the four years that followed he made a limited but reasonable reputation for himself as one of the "young men to watch." He was a member of the Irish delegation to the Council of Europe from 1959 to 1961, and served on the Electoral Law Reform Committee. However, the power and influence of the Senate then as now, was extremely limited, Lenihan's ambitions still lay in the direction of the Dail, and in 1961 he finally captured a seat. It was a sensational result in Roscommon; on the 1st count, the young barrister had received 4,873 votes as against 3,634 for his senior running-mate, Gerry Boland, wartime Minister for Justice, a national figure who had topped the poll on three previous occasions. By the 9th count Boland was out, and Lenihan was elected without reaching the quota, and Roscommon had again shown itself as one of the most unpredictable of constituencies. In that year Jack McQuillan topped the poll only to be put out at the next election, and John Beirne, who headed the poll in 1951, was defeated along with Boland.

On his first day in the Dail, Sean Lemass appointed him Parliamentary Secretary in charge of Fisheries, an undistinguished post where Lenihan like his predecessors in the job, failed to distinguish himself. He didn't make any mistakes, however, and when Charles Haughey was switched to Agriculture in 1964, he was promoted to the Cabinet and succeeded Haughey in the Department of Justice.

Lenihan, by following Haughey who had layed the foundations of major legal reforms, had little chance as an innovator/legislator; it was all he could do to stand up to his senior civil servants and police officers who attempted to dominate him, and indeed for the most part he seemed happy with or incapable of changing, this arrangement. Lenihan was further hampered in Justice by the then Taoiseach; Sean Lemass may have recognised a promising future for the young Minister, but he was too much a politician to wholly entrust such a sensitive post to a political *ingenue*, and indeed, he kept in touch with his Minister every day without fail.

Not only did Charles Haughey's active years in Justice deny Lenihan the chance of making much of a contribution in the department, but when Haughey moved to agriculture, by his long and bitter dispute with Rickard Deasy and the N.F.A., he managed to embroil Lenihan. The Minister for Justice's panicky policy of random fines and arrests of farmers throughout the country, rebounded badly on him.

But his time at Justice wasn't all bad, and his basic decency and humanity showed through on a couple of occasions. He was personally shocked at the brutal conduct of the Dublin police in 1966, towards two peaceful processions on the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising, and he took measures to ensure that such action would not be repeated. Nor were they till the Department was later headed by Michael Moran and the present incumbent, Desmond O'Malley.

Lenihan, too, must be given credit for the easing, though not abolition, of our book-censorship laws, which had held the country up to international ridicule for years. It was not a great leap forward, but even six short years ago, it required a certain amount of courage.

In 1968 he was again unlucky in being sent to a Department which had been dominated by a strong personality, in this case, the dynamic Donogh O'Malley in Education. Unlucky, too, that he inherited the "merger" idea, particularly since it was left to him to publish the official "plan" which pleased nobody. In a speech to the National University Graduates' Club in New York on October 29th, 1968, he assured his audience that the merger would be completed within six to nine months and "that ended the story." It didn't, of course, and that was typical of Brian Lenihan. Typical, too, was his genuine amazement at the hostility his merger plans provoked.

Education proved an unhappy posting for Lenihan; he was the subject of frequent complaint and protest and in one memorable incident, besieged by a mob of angry students, was forced to exit to safety by way of a toilet window in T.C.D. Then there was an unfortunate interview published in the *Daily Telegraph* (which amazingly showed him following the "Lynch line" even before Lynch), where he condemned the idea of Scots and Welsh nationalism, and indeed repudiated the basis of Irish Republicanism. This prompted calls for his dismissal, but by managing to "lie doggo"—his self-confessed and oft-repeated *mode d'existence*, he managed to weather the storm and in 1969, to sail into the calmer waters of Transport and Power.

Transport and Power has the reputation of being a colourless unimportant Department. Colourless it may be, but only because its Ministers have failed to rise to the challenge of the umbrella organisation for the largest and most important semi-State bodies—Bord Failte, C.I.E., Aer Lingus, E.S.B., Bord na Mona, etc. And here, too, Brian Lenihan has had an undistinguished career; again no major mistakes, but no great successes either. And more important no innovation whatsoever; the semi-State bodies like feudal baronies increased in size and importance, but the Government Minister responsible, showed no sign of producing a philosophy to control or give direction to their development.

Of course, Brian Lenihan is as much to blame as anyone for his lightweight reputation, which causes him to be treated as something of a joke by the media in general. One of his main problems is that he is too well liked, and worse he enjoys his popularity. He is relaxed and easygoing, more at home watching a soccer match—he was an amateur international **as well** as playing All-Ireland College and County G.A.A. football —than making a speech. But he has also impressed as a hard-working and efficient committee man, respected by members of all parties, and he is certainly one of the most intelligent members of the Cabinet. Though one of the better TV performers, he doesn't push his public image, which is one of the things that that other "reluctant politician" Jack Lynch, likes about him.

In fact, he is far from reluctant, he really enjoys politics and at a local level, as a "fixer" and arbiter of disputes, he is unsurpassed. At the tense and action-packed Ard Fheis in 1970, while Kevin Boland was being carried out of the hall bearing the tattered flag of Fianna Fail Republicanism, Brian Lenihan could be seen behind the platform, happily dealing with constituency problems.

In the early days of the Northern crisis, he, like many of his colleagues in the Cabinet took a hawkish line, but followed the Taoiseach through his metamorphosis after the Ministerial sackings of May, 1970, and he is now an unswerving follower of the Lynch line. It was not a question of disloyalty, merely that survival demands that loyalty changes with the times.

Brian Lenihan's chances of becoming Taoiseach are admittedly distant, but they cannot entirely be discounted. For one thing a great deal depends on Jack Lynch's stamina and willingness to continue in office. For another, though Paddy Hillery a stronger candidate for the office, will be based in Brussels from January, there is the Italian precedent of a European Commissioner resigning to contest a national election. But the fact remains that despite the absence of any major achievement to his name he has survived fifteen years in office, to become one of the most senior members of the Cabinet.

And it is just possible that that line about the "most promising member" will someday no longer be a joke.

Case History

VERY SOON NOW, something's got to give at No. 104 Leinster Road, Rathmines: either the five tenants will be served with eviction notices for the non payment of their rent over the past two months, or the landlord will bow to their demands for some basic improvements in the accommodation and the provision of a fire escape. Either way the experience should be instructive for both tenants and landlords in similiar circumstances.

Viewed from outside, No. 104 Leinster Road looks like many other flat/bedsitter houses in the Rathmines area — white-fronted, with a well-trimmed lawn and gravel driving. For the five married couples and their five children who pay a total combined rent of £32.25 per week (£1,677 p.a.) as tenants, however, the 70-year-old house is a potential deathtrap, similar to many of its type in Dublin. What is unusual is that the tenants' reaction has not been one of fatalistic resignation, but that they have taken steps to force the landlord to improve the premises, rather than put up with their conditions, or look for alternative accommodation.

The house was purchased three years ago by the present landlord (who, ironically, or perhaps significantly is an architect, by profession), who has consistently refused to carry out repairs to the premises. The tenants having despaired of individual complaints finally got together and presented him with a list of their major complaints, which are: — the fire-hazard caused by having two gas-cookers in the hallway, housed in wooden cubicles which serve as kitchens for the hall level flats; the inadequate water-supply — a halfinch pipe supplies seven rooms, and the drains are frequently blocked; bad sanitary facilities —of the two toilets in the house, one is completely broken, leaving the remaining toilet for use among sixteen people, and even this was inadequate — the flushing mechanism was broken and had to be operated from inside the tank by hand; the hall ceiling was in danger of collapse; the electricity supply was dangerous and inadequate, the extensions that had been built were damp and badly constructed of plaster-board with a cement coat. In one flat the tenant, his wife and child had to stop using the bedroom because of severe damp and were living and sleeping in one small room.

The landlord's argument against expenditure on these items was simply that they would cost too much. The electrical rewiring alone was estimated at £400. He refused to install an aluminium extension ladder as a makeshift fire escape, pointing out (quite correctly) that none of the surrounding houses had fire escapes. Finally the tenants decided to withhold rent, and the landlord has now threatened eviction proceedings.

The tenants then arranged for inspections to be made by Dublin Corporation and Fire Brigade officials, and the inspectors confirmed that the landlord would be liable to prosecution under the bye-laws. However, under the regulations, the Fire Brigade cannot reveal the results of an inspection to private individuals, and the tenants were told that they would have to hire a solicitor to make their enquiries. After two months, the tenants have not yet been informed as to when legal proceedings will begin.

As far as the legal position is concerned, the case highlights the inadequacies of existing legislation in regard to multiple-occupancy dwellings, and is perhaps an accurate reflection of general Governmental indifference to social legislation.

In the present case, if the landlord is found guilty he can be compelled to carry out repairs or have the house classified as being unfit for human habitation, in which case the onus will be on the Corporation to rehouse the tenants.

But the withholding of rent is an effective tactic. Perhaps something will 'give' at 104, Leinster Road.

Sean Kelly

Readers are invited to bring other "Case Histories" to our attention.

South Tipperary

A Successor For Surgeon Hogan

AFTER THE CROWDS had scattered from Surgeon Hogan's graveside on the Rock of Cashel one of a group which was discussing the suddenness of his death was heard to declare philosophically, "There's nothing in this life you can be sure of!" A moment later, unaware of any contradiction, he added, "As sure as Pakie Hogan is above in the Rock, Fianna Fail will win that bye-election." His listeners agreed—and so does almost everybody else in South Tipperary.

If the Taoiseach decides to forego the opportunity to hold a Spring general election, he can be as sure of victory in South Tipperary as he is of retaining Dr. Hillery's seat in Clare. One of the areas of greatest Fianna Fail strength in the country, it gave the Government at the last general election a total vote of 19,197 gain a combined opposition vote of 17873. And that opposition figure included 1,073 votes polled by a Republican Labour candidate, Sean Healy, a substantial percentage of whose preferences went to Fianna Fail.

It is agreed locally that if the election were held immediately, the very worst that Fianna Fail would do would be to equal their last tally. Most see them actually improving upon it. So deep-rooted are the politics of the civil war in this area that it is assumed as a matter of course that should either Sinn Fein or Aontacht Eireann enter the lists, their votes, after elimination (which would be early), would revert to Fianna Fail. And whatever the leaders of Fine Gael and Labour may decide between themselves about Coalition, South Tipperary's Labour supporters may be relied upon to show traditional reluctance to give their preferences to Fine Gael. Such an air of unreality surrounds the question of the outcome of a bye-election that, on the assumption that the Fine Gael candidate will be the party's chief runner in the next general election and consequently the heir to Surgeon Hogan's seat, the main interest for many centres on Fine Gael's choice of candidate.

For Fianna Fail the choice is pretty clear-cut. Senator Willie Ryan has been knocking on the Dail door for a couple of elections and last time only a bare twelve hundred first preferences separated him from Labour's Sean Treacy who beat him to the last seat. A farmer and a local G.A.A. official, he will not add anything to 20th-century political thinking, but he is popular among farmers and his election would not spell disaster to either of the two sitting Fianna Fail, T.D.s Noel Davern, whose territory is close to his, would, of course, prefer someone from near Jackie Fahy's or from a remote corner of the constituency. Such a one would be Con Donovan, a County Councillor from Ballyporeen, who satisfies the Republican instincts of his constituents by parading them in honour of patriots of fifty years ago. He is currently mentioned, though hardly seriously, as is Liam Simpson of Cahir, a Vocational teacher and an ex-President of Macra na Tuaithe, who has exhibited senatorial ambitions. A better vote-catcher than either would be Clonmel publican and Corporation member, John Allen, but he has inherited a type of family in Fianna Fail and beides, for geographical reasons, he would present a severe threat to Jackie Fahey at future elections.

One man who must be praying for a general, rather than a bye-election is Labour's Sean Treacy. In the event of a bye-election there would be pressure within the constituency party to choose it's candidate from the area of greatest strength—Treacy's own Clonmel. Here, however, the most likely candidate would be Alderman Sean Lyons, a bitter foe of the new Labour establishment which he opposes on Northern, policy, on Coalition, and on numerous other issues. Tough, able, and unlikely to accommodate himself to dictates from headquarters, the likelihood of his selection by a convention is probably reduced by his unpopularity at Liberty Hall. The other Labour man much in mention is Mick Ferris of Bansha, an energetic and personable Councillor, who could be relied upon to toe the party line and who, from Sean Treacy's point of view, would be more acceptable for geographical, if for no other reasons. But in a by-election he would lack the vote-pulling power of Lyons.

The prime interest then, centres on Fine Gael's choice of candidate and it is at the prospect of a safe seat for saecula saeculorum that the knives are honing. Once, during the fifties, the party held two seats but it was only for the duration of one Dail and it was before a slice of West Waterford was thrown in to make sure it didn't happen again. Tipperary town teacher, Brendan Griffin, in 1969 polled 2,871 of a total of Fine Gael's 11,075. Not so good, one might say, but it was eleven hundred more than the third Fine Gael candidate, former Mayor of Clonmel, P. J. Powell. These figures might take care of Powell at a constituency convention but it will be less easy to take care of young Hubert Burke who enjoys the initial advantage of bearing a name closely associated with the party establishment. His uncle, the late Denis Burke, whose business heir he is, was the owner of Burke's Bacon Factory, one of Clonmel's best employers and represented the party in the Dail and Senate. In 1969 he polled more first preference than Surgeon Hogan, though the seat eventually fell to the latter, and he was regarded as a decent man in or out of politics. Glenstal and Trinity educated (Diploma in Business Studies), Hubert may be no Garret Fitzgerald intellectually, and may not be psychologically suited to political infighting but, like his uncle, he has the reputation of being a decent fellow and he would command a good deal of constituency influence.

Other names are being bandied about, including that of the Mayor of Clonmel, Sean Nyhan, whose personal attributes would make him a popular candidate, Senator Percy Butler of Cahir Co. Council Chairman Ned Clancy, and Councillor John Ryan of Cappawhite near Surgeon Hogan's home area who would likely be a general election candidate. Since every bye-election throws up the name of at least one G.A.A., star, Michael 'Babs' Keating has been mentioned but it is not yet clear whether he has betrayed any interest in politics.

Of more interest is the name of I.F.A. President T. J. Maher, which is increasingly mentioned, and though his family background would place him in Fine Gael rather than elsewhere, and though he would be the cat to upset all the political pigeons, there is no evidence that he shares or even is aware of the wishful thinking of some Fine Gael supporters. But certainly if he were to stand for Fine Gael, the result of the election would be what it is not at the moment—unpredictable.

Saving such an unlikely event, South Tipperary will continue to look beyond the bye-election, wondering whether the Fianna Fail winner will hold the seat at the next general election. In 1957 the party managed to take three out of four seats. And with Sean Treacy dreading an influx of the Cruise O'Briens, Barry Desmonds and others whose name have become dirty words to so many of his supporters, Fianna Fail views with avid eyes the opportunity of repeating the feat of 1957 at his expense.

Provisionals 1

A Spreading Political Programme

THIS WEEKEND, in a Mullingar hotel, a meeting will take place which will mark a significant milestone for the Provisional Republican Movement and for those who see ultimate purpose in the continuing struggle in Northern Ireland.

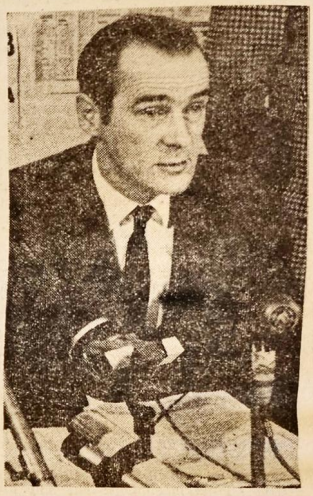
Even more crucial, probably, than the Sinn Fein Ard Fheis due to take place in Dublin the following Sunday, October 29, the Mullingar meeting is the convention to set up Comhairle Laighean — and thus complete the set of four regional councils which the Provisionals hope will develop into prototype provincial parliaments.

Only sporadic publicity, and most of it sceptical, has attended the step-by-step construction of the first stages in what aspires to be a new decentralised governmental structure for all-Ireland. But much activity has taken place since the first council, Comhairle Uladh, was constituted on August 21 last year.

Enthusiasm in no way waning, Republican theorists go about carrying, with open respect, unlikely reading matter such as Institute of Public Administration publications on local government. They pay close attention to conferences on regional development and point out, quite validly, that there is a growing awareness and a frequent expression in many places of the need to decentralise government and devolve power onto the people.

The Provisionals' political programme arose out of need — their realisation that there must be an interplay of military and political action in any struggle. After the split, and during the Spring of 1970, the Provisional leadership was totally absorbed in the miliary programme. By June, the Sinn Fein Ard Fheis had produced a draft social and economic programme, and in the Spring of 1971 serious thought was being given again to the political implementation of this programme.

The Dail Uladh proposition was announced in August. The S.D.L.P. had been talking of an alternative assembly — the abortive "Derry Parliament" — whereas



David O'Connell, architect of the Regional Dáil.

the Provisionals favoured attempting to unite the ancient province of Ulster. When the convention took place in Monaghan on August 21, Dail Uladh was still only an idea, but there was determination to keep the idea alive and Comhairle Uladh was set up as the first step.

The attendance at the convention was very broadly representative, Left Wing, and Republican groupings — and there were even two individual members of Fianna Fail there — but there was no Protestant participation. However, with Frank McManus and Paddy Kennedy as its chief officers, the council was launched with a five-point plan of campaign.

The first point was to "Organise throughout the Province for the establishment of Dail Uladh." But it was in the second, "Encourage and co-ordinate campaign of civil resistance to British rule," that the Council found its most dynamic possibilities initially. The Northern Resistance Movement sprang up from this activity, and an effective civil resistance campaign was mounted, especially in Fermanagh and Tyrone.

Civil resistance councils and committees also came into being, and these small bodies which had the power and purpose to act, were seen by Comhairle Uladh as both relevant to the needs of the people and a direct link back to the planned Dail Uladh.

The proposal to hold Free Derry elections was also, it is claimed, part of the Dail Uladh preparatory work, and arose from the need for some kind of council there to co-ordinate relief work. These elections were scotched, however, when the climate of opinion changed following the Ranger Best shooting.

Provisional Republicans saw all of this work as "making Dail Uladh from the ground up." The committees and working bodies were coming into existence to meet practical needs and perform real tasks, and as such they promised to weld together into political structures which would have a permanence not enjoyed by economic and social policies in a vacuum.

Meanwhile, another phase of the work towards Dail Uladh was under way. It

When you want plain smoking pleasure Major Extra Size is *the cigarette for you.*

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

(Continued from page 6)

needed a constitution. Desmond Fennell set out to sketch the basis of the philosophy that should guide such a regional parliament, and his pamphlet on this is due to be published shortly. Emmett O'Connell examined the regional parliament's task from the economic viewpoint, particularly with regard to the necessity to correct the imbalance east and west of the Bann. The pamphlet outlining the results of his work was due out this week, and one of its key proposals is an extension of the M-1 motorway from Dungannon on through Enniskillen, across to Manorhamilton in Leitrim and on to Sligo.

In keeping with their avowed pragmatism, the Provisional Republicans acknowledge that unless a good case can be made economically for any proposed new structures, it is a waste of time talking to Protestants. That is apparently why they regard the groundwork studies as so important. In addition to the other activities, they claim to be trying very hard to secure an involvement by the Protestant communities on this side of the Border in the new political structures proposed.

They claim, indeed, to have already secured a response — little more, at present, than contact and discussion — from some sections of the Protestant community, particularly the clerical and business sectors. The concept of Dail Uladh itself, meanwhile is kept "open for adjustment."

There are other current activities and studies under the aegis of Comhairle Uladh. The Provisionals admit, however, that at the start it was sprung too suddenly on their own people. Many did not understand the concept or the objectives, and participation was often reluctant.

The 200 delegates who attended a convention in Limerick a fortnight ago to set up Comhairle na Mumhan, they say, had a much clearer idea what the purpose was. The Munster council, however, like Comhairle Connacht which was formed in October last year, will probably suffer from the understandable difficulty that the national obsession with the North makes it difficult to maintain interest in local issues and organisation. Much of Comhairle Connacht's energies are expended simply in keeping in existence the various committees and groups already set up.

Comhairle Mumhan, Comhairle Connacht, and — after this weekend — Comhairle Laighean, face the difficulty of finding broad issues around which to bind those interested and generate dynamic activity. The promotion of various forms of co-operative is one field that could very well emerge as important.

On the fates and performances of Comhairle Uladh, however, will hinge the future of the others. The Provisionals still believe that if Britain took the plunge and made a declaration of intent to withdraw, this would create a climate in which a solution could emerge.

All of the work under the umbrella of Comhairle Uladh is done with an eye to such a situation, in which, as the Provisionals see it, a new and positive dynamic would be created and the political structures already developed could begin to crystallise into a Dail Uladh.

Almost everything, however, is contingent on achieving a modicum of Protestant participation. The Officials failed to sustain working class solidarity on the Shankhill Road. Can the Provisionals succeed in finding common ground on a new and perhaps more pragmatic level — among the commercial and professional classes, Catholic and Protestant?

Provisionals 2

New Military Tactics

SINCE THE START of Operation Motorman, British military casualties have, on their own admission, risen dramatically. One possible reason for this is that there are now more military targets, but another reason has been the change in Provo tactics which co-incided with the occupation operation. The cross-border incursions which helped keep down the number of troops available for duties in Belfast and Derry have now been largely replaced by mine attacks on military vehicles in rural areas, especially in the border counties. A combination of huge explosive charges and reliable detonating devices on these mines has been the main reason why the Provos have inflicted relatively high casualties— despite the now almost exclusive use of Saladins and Saracens, the heaviest wheeled armour available in the British Army. The mines, weighing from 200 to 500 lbs., are usually laid at night and fired from a distance as the military vehicles passes over them. Traditionally, remote control is achieved by a cable which will carry an electrical charge from a battery to the firing mechanism of the mine. But, some time ago, an alternative method—radio control using an aero-model transmitter to send a signal to a receiver attached to the mine—was introduced. The advantage of radio—no wires to betray the presence of the mine or the location of its operators—is also available with the latest type of firing arrangement. An ultar-sonic tranducer fitted to the mine fuse will, on receipt of a sound wave which is inaudible to humans, explode the charge. Added advantages are that it is simply and cheaply made and the ultra-sonic transmitter can be an easily concealed dog-whistle.

In the cities tactics have changed also. The street ambushes, in which up to a dozen men attacked Army patrols with bombs and machineguns, and hit-and-run assaults on military posts have now given way to long-range sniping and the mini-ambush. Distant sniping operations are usually directed at foot patrols in daylight or military "sanger" sandbag posts in daylight or darkness. A single shot is fired from a carefully chosen and well concealed position. The weapons used are .30 Garands, .303 Mark 4 Lee Enfields, or .232 Armalites with, on some occasions, heavy calibre, high velocity hunting rifles—known locally as "elephant guns" also being used. Nearly all the snipers' guns are fitted with telescopic sights and some Armalites fitted with U.S. Army pattern night-sights have been used. The common sniping technique calls for a great deal of patience and preparation. In the case of attacks on foot patrols the weapon is sighted on a point where it is expected that a member of a patrol will remain stationary for a few seconds. The sniper then waits—possibly for eight or ten hours —until his victim comes into his sights. During his wait, the sniper is protected against surprise attack by a network of scouts and a back-up party which will, should the need arise, indulge in diversionary fire to allow him to escape. The technique of firing into "sangers" involves even greater preparation since the sniper must fire blind through the camouflage net which covers these sandbagged posts. To do this he must know the precise location of the observation slit behind the net and the position of the sentry's head behind the slit. This information is usually obtained, in the case of sangers near ground level, by close observation through binoculars when the sun is shining from behind the post or by walking up and talking to the sentry. On some occasions tarket marks placed on netting have made a post a virtual death-trap. The King's Regiment had four soldiers shot—two of them fatally—in five days in a post outside the Henry Taggart camp at Ballymurphy before they discovered that a paper hankie was tied to the net just below the sentry's head. New British defence arrangements have successfully countered this kind of sniping. The pickets in some observation posts have been replaced by closed-circuit TV cameras, while in other vulnerable posts tailors' dummies have taken over from live sentries.

The mini ambush has now become one of the most common forms of attack. Although, perhaps, a dozen people may be involved only one fires—and then usually only one shot. This tactic makes use of the fact that the 10-ton, six-wheeled Saracen personnel carriers, which the Army have been forced to use since they found Armalite bullets fired at close range were penetrating their "pigs," have little manoeuvrability in Belfast's narrow streets. A Saracen is decoyed to a point where a single sniper, standing usually at a street corner, can fire a tungsten-tipped, armour-piercing bullet point-blank and at the proper angle into the vehicle. Since Saracens carry a crew of eight or ten soldiers packed in the carrier, the effect of a bullet which can enter it, but not exit, because of the velocity it loses going through the armour plate, is often deadly. By the time the sound of the bullet ricocheting inside the vehicle has died away the attacker has disappeared down the narrow streets. I.R.A. operations of this type have become more successful in recent weeks— a fact which may be attributable to the increasing use of single point sights. This device is an optical tube which can be fitted to most rifles. Ironically, it was invented by an English firm for use by the Army, but a patent licence has been extended to an American firm, Weaver, who supply the sights to sportsmen in the U.S. A rifleman using the Qwik-Point sight keeps both eyes open. Through the tube he sees a red dot while with his other eye he views his target. When he has correctly aimed the red dot will appear on the target and it remains only for him to squeeze the trigger. Weaver claims their sight will make a marksman of the most incompetent novice. But after a year of full scale urban guerrilla war there are few novices left among the Provos to prove that point.

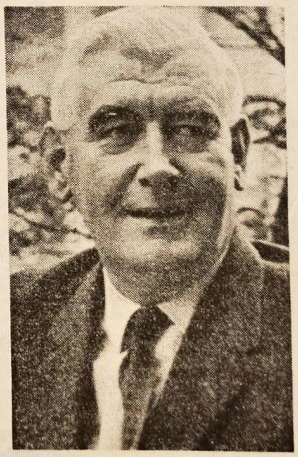
Derry

A City In Despair

ON THE 29th OF SEPTEMBER a British soldier, on foot patrol in the Bogside, was shot. Within minutes Westland Street was surrounded by Saracens, Land-Rovers and foot patrols. A thorough house-to-house search was mounted. People gathered to watch and wait. An Armalite rifle was found and a student taken into one of the Saracens. The student, Jim McGilloway (his brother is a Long Kesh detainee), once inside was accused of having shot the soldier. He denied the charge, was promptly beaten up and released. The operation was called off and the various military vehicles sped away. The covering foot patrols took to their heels pursued by the crowd hurling stones and abuse, Friday afternoon then resumed.

There is nothing particularly startling in the above incident—but it illustrates several points.

Since "Operation Motorman" the British Army has won very few friends in the former no-go areas of Derry. Despite the protestations of concern for good community and army relations by their superior officers, the soldiers operating on



Eddie McAteer.

the streets have been abusive, arrogant and antagonistic towards the populace. The people have, as far as possible, ignored these intruders. This code of silence towards the army is broken only when absolutely necessary or in a riot when the verbal abuse flung defies description.

Militarily the domination of the area has been a very limited success. The bombers have still been able to beat the massive restrictions (albeit less frequently), and whilst there is a lot less gunfire than before it is much more accurate. Yet the Provisionals are very worried about the amount of information garnered by the military about their activities. "Safe" houses were plentiful during the no-go days but now the risks are too great for many. Several important arms finds have been made but very few high-ranking officers captured. The pattern has been clearly established. The regular British Army foot patrols have "flying squads" of Land Rovers and Saracens on standby at the nearest army posts. The Provisionals wait on sniping opportunities at these patrols—shoot and fade. Immediate house to house searches follow, the area is sealed off and Friday's scene repeated.

The political splintering of the Derry people has been total. Pre-internment divisionalism has returned. A remarkable feature of the area in normal times has been the constant fluctuation from rabid republicanism to moderate nationalism. Faulkner's repressive measures and Bloody Sunday united the people. Whitelaw, aided by the mistakes of both wings of the I.R.A., fractured that unity. The forthcoming local government elections will see an array of candidates. John Hume would beat any political opponent in an election in the Bogside, the position of his S.D.L.P. party is less definite. The rent strike called by its leaders has caused untold hardship and the party's lack of organisation has created a poor image. The Nationalist party issue many statements to the local press but seem to have no successors to Eddie McAteer, whose personal popularity has increased since Hume defeated him at the last Stormont elections. The Derry Labour Party has lost most of its members, and now makes little or no impact. The Provisionals will probably not contest the elections. The Officials have a hard core of support but it is vociferous rather than large. They have been branded by their opponents as "Trots" and "Marxists" and in Derry this is the worst label a political party has to contend with. They have not mounted any regular sustained campaign and their disorganised sporadic outbursts are not successful. The other political groupings do not warrant consideration. The elections will probably reflect the popularity or otherwise of the individual candidates rather than party policies. Generally the political picture is chaotic.

The social life of the area is struggling to return to a type of normality. The children are back at school and the attendance percentages are much higher than last year. The Bingo halls have re-opened and the pub life is returning. Most Derry people like to go to Inishowen to drink and dance and major army check-points on the border have caused a lot of frustration. Getting from one side of Derry to the other is very trying. There is massive security on Craigavon Bridge and traffic delays can last an hour or more. Trips across to the Waterside are avoided as far as possible, but since the city's hospital and its major industries are on that side it is often a necessary journey.

The recently-formed Bogside Community Association is working, against massive odds, to right the multitude of social wrongs. It is based on the philosophies of self-help and self-fulfilment through each other. In an area which probably has the highest birth-rate in Europe and chronic male unemployment, its task is gigantic. Its organiser is Paddy Doherty, dubbed "King of the Bogside" by Ian Paisley in August '69. He has been the busiest man in the area since "Motorman"—supervising army house raids, registering residents' complaints, and securing the release of many so-called suspects held for questioning (The Army often stop and arrest people for no apparent reason, detaining them at times for several hours or 1 or 2 days).

The B.C.A's. work has not been confined to dealing with the army. They have set up a caravan on the Lecky Road where people come seeking advice on everything from rehousing to social security benefits. It is closely allied to Ballyfermot Community Association. Recently the members of the Bog.C.A. presented a document called "Approach to a Strategy for Derry and the North-West", to both Whitelaw and Lynch. The help of Prof. G. Copcutt was secured in preparing this. The most pragmatic suggestion which it puts forward is that a Development Executive should be set up for the North-West. There is much in the document worthwhile which is rather obscured by the jargon which planners seem to find compulsory.

The overall atmosphere of Derry is now unpleasant. The apathy and indifference which had so marked the people pre '68 seems to be creeping back. The deaths of three young men since the invasion have caused remarkably little stir. The result of four violent years would appear to be an immunity to shock. The ability of the British Army to deny apparently unshakeable facts with a bland assertiveness has made people despair of truth and justice. The unreal atmosphere of the blitzed city centre reflects the mood. The bombings and shootings are fewer but many shops will soon close forever and there is a pervading uneasiness.

(Continued in page 10)

Denis Faul: The Determined Crusader

Profile

TO DRIVE THE 45 miles from Dungannon to Belfast and back on a cold, wet winter's night is not something one does unless one has to, or very much desires what one finds on arrival in Belfast. In the early days of ecumenical meetings between Protestant and Catholic clergy Fr. Denis Faul made this pilgrimage over and over again, to the great encouragement of some Belfast clergy who recognised their own hardships in making it even across the town.

The success of such clergy meetings owed something real to Denis Faul who with apparent imperturbability would on occasion give a strongly Roman Catholic line with a smile which betokened great patience and much willingness to understand why others did not agree with him.

People were surprised to find him on one side or another in public argument. He was for clerical celibacy, he was against integrated education; he was against internment, for *Humanae Vitae*. It was said that *those who refused to sign census forms or attacked the administration of jusice in Northern Ireland were sometimes the most* unmoving when it came to releasing men and women from burdens which their lovalty to the Church imposed upon them. The same pen which offered no relief to the mother of ten whose husband was sexually inconsiderate was wielded in the protection of the mother whose husband was hauled off to prison without trial.

For Denis Faul, and others who took the same line, the first principle was what he conceived the law of God to be—or the law of the Church which in practice often amounts to the same thing, rather than sympathy for the suffering of the person. This is not to say that he is not sympathetic. He is, and generous even to the extent of taking risks, financial and otherwise, for the sake of people who may well let him down. Rather, when moral problems are to be solved the law of God is the first principle; the second which is like unto this, but second nevertheless, is one's personal sympathy for the underdog.

Thus it is possible on the one hand to campaign against the suffering caused by internment or torture but not to campaign with such vehemence against the suffering which may be caused by the law of celibacy or the ban on contraception.

As in other countries it is the crusaders who respond most often and most quickly to real need rather than the church leaders. Some times the crusaders clash with the leaders; as when Denis Faul condemned the N. Ireland courts as corrupt. Cardinal Conway disagreed and severely said so. Public opinion supported Faul. At the time the Cardinal must have felt rather like a too self-assured guide who suddenly finds himself colliding with a sphinx. There was not the slightest thought in anyone's mind that Denis Faul would press home an advantage or say 'I told you so.' His reverence for authority is much too strong for that.

In discussion, it is not Faul who will make the running; he may even give the deceptive—wholly deceptive—appearance of being on the dull side. It is he who will do the analysing, though. He will not sparkle in conversation, but after an encounter a contestant will feel that he has

been invited to bare a little of his soul. Perhaps the study of the Classics—which he read at Maynooth—makes a man like that, or perhaps this is the kind of man who studies the Classics. One of the great experiences of life would surely be listening to an argument between himself and Enoch Powell. They would both argue in pure syllogisms.

Denis Faul has done more crusading in the past five of his sixteen years as a priest than most have in a lifetime, more, certainly, than his career in Maynooth, with all his debating prowess there, would have foreshadowed—he was a good debater, but not the best of them. He came to Maynooth too early to be tested in Maynooth's period of change, when students openly challenged both system and teaching, long before the awful time when debaters there had to learn to stop saying "Gentlemen" and start saying "Ladies and Gentlemen." One wonders if he would have been bruised by it all.

But, significantly, he was concerned even as far back at 1952 with the problems of the North. As a student, he was thinking about it and asking about it when others had relegated it to limbo; when even his contemporary, Aidan Corrigan, had not yet begun to waken up to what was happening there. It is just possible that even then Faul had more insight than many "Northerners" (that is political Northerners; he is only a Louthman).

As a Gaelic footballer he was tough and not easily diverted. As a teacher he is diverted easily enough if any of his pupils gets him on to the subject of the dignity of human life. Pushed into public limelight by the accident that he found a few individuals unjustly treated, he has been more lasting in it than Aidan Corrigan, more feared than most of our crusaders. Neither Long Kesh nor the ultra-progressive Catholics can subdue him, and he has dealt with both. Sometimes he is wrong, as in the case of the R.U.C. water-wagon; sometimes he may be wrong, as in the strong line on *Humanae Vitae;* most times he is devastatingly right.

If the Catholics have sense they will make a bishop of him. And risk the conservatism.

British Public Opinion

Mary Holland

THE INTERESTING THING about the recent BBC poll which showed that 55% of the British public now think that Britain should withdraw the Army from Northern Ireland and "leave the Irish to sort it out for themselves" was its timing. It was announced in the week of the Darlington conference, when the Conservative Government's efforts to be seen to be doing something about finding a political solution to the Northern Irish mess were being given maximum sympathetic coverage by the press. Almost all the 200 journalists present at Darlington knew that the goings on at the Europa Hotel were a non-event, but you would never have gathered this from the way the conference was treated in the newspapers and on television. Acres of print, hours of prime viewing time were devoted to the proposition that something might at last be moving in the Ulster log-jam. The British public were not convinced. Seventy-five per cent thought that peace in Northern Ireland within the next year or two was "unlikely."

The Conservative and Labour Party conferences this month reflected widespread public feelings of weariness, indifference and, finally, the wish to be shut of the whole mess. At the Conservative conference, the efforts of pro-Government speakers were rigorously directed to encouraging rank and file support for Mr. Whitelaw and patience with the Irish generally. The issue was treated as part of the general build-up of the Conservative Government as tolerant, patient and not shrinking what Mr. Robert Carr was pleased to call, in another context, "the imperial heritage." Outside the main hall, at a meeting organised by the Tory ginger group, P.E.S.T., Mr. Whitelaw got a rougher ride. The cries of "traitor" and accusations of selling out must have made him nostalgic for Belfast. But this was from the party's recognisably wilder fringes. Mainly, the delegates were concerned with bigger problems, like immigration and Mr. Enoch Powell. The menace of the Ugandan Asians made even Northern Ireland seem like a familiar local difficulty. At the Labour Party conference, tearing itself apart over the Common Market, Northern Ireland rated a mention only as an un-controversial item in a speech designed by Mr. Wilson to try to unite his riven party. Outside the conference there was lobbying, but it was done by fraternal visitors from Irish political parties, North and South. Inside, there was no debate on the subject and little pressure for one. The motions calling for the Workers' Republic, for trades union alliances and defence groups, which have flooded in from constituency and union branches in former years, were notably absent. This year, the militants had other things on their minds.

But the absence of debate does reflect the general weariness on the part of the public about Northern Ireland. There it is every night on their television sets, as intractable and apparently as foreign as Vietnam. Most people have long since given up trying to understand it, let alone work out constructive opinions about it. The Panorama poll probably indicates indifference rather than hostility towards the Irish. The fears that violence in Belfast might reopen old communiy wounds in Glasgow and Liverpool have not been fulfilled and, insofar as he thinks about such things, this confirms the Englishman's belief that it's something peculiar about Ireland and that once you get the Irish out of Ireland they are capable of behaving as reasonably as anyone else. Shades of O'Neill's speech about Catholics being able to live like Protestants given the chance. It is significant that Mr. Enoch Powell's forays into Irish politics, his strictures on the Government for their timidity and his appeals for tougher methods towards the Southern Irish have struck no answering emotional chord in the British public comparable to his speeches about immigration and race.

One widely expected reaction, that of public anger at "our boys" being shot, has not materialised, at least not in the fashion predicted

The British public is not indignant and sympathetic towards a professional army of men who have enlisted of their own free will in the way that Americans are towards teenage conscripts being drafted reluctantly to Vietnam. Rather the contrary: there is the feeling that British soldiers have volunteered and that being in Northern Ireland is what they are being paid for. At least they are doing something useful directly connected with British interests there, instead of being abroad on other people's business. Nevertheless, the death of a soldier does not seem to elicit the kind of powerful public emotions which are generated here if a policeman is killed in the line of duty.

On the other hand, there is widespread criticism of the Government for not letting the Army "get on with the job," in this case "wiping out the terrorists." Tough action by the Army can be sure of public support. (After *Bloody Sunday*, for example, the general reaction in England was that the Paras had been quite right, though it is hard to know how much of the support in that particular instance was an emotional wish to defend an army in which most Englishmen have served, at a time when it was being held up as a force of brutal murderers to the rest of the world). There is a feeling that if the Army is not going to be allowed to get on with the job, then it is pointless keeping them in Northern Ireland being shot at and wasting the taxpayers money. Interestingly, the taxpayers' money does not figure in arguments nearly as much as one would expect. To this extent, money put into Northern Ireland is not seen as foreign aid which is disapproved of. This may be because the British public has simply not taken in what Northern Ireland costs, or it may be that the streets scenes in Derry and Belfast which they see on television are so poor and the inhabitants patently not waxing fat on British handouts.

But mainly the indifference is due to the fact that it is quite impossible for the average Englishman to imagine what life is like in Northern Ireland. This is true for many people in Dublin, too, but at least in the South it is possible to understand the emotions involved in the Northern situation, the pitch of the feelings. The fact that most English people cannot do this does not, surprisingly, make them angry about Northern Ireland, but it does make them blot it out as foreign, incomprehensible and, finally, nothing to do with them. This is generally true even of those sections of the community where sympathy might be expected—Catholics, second generation Irish. One Labour M.P. with an active Catholic Irish population in his constituency told me that he had recently met a deputation to discuss matters of current political concern to them. They were much exercised on matters such as pornography, the easier operation of the abortion laws, and so on. Just as they were leaving, he asked if they wanted to discuss Northern Ireland, the Army, Conservative policy. He said: "They just looked at me blankly. What was Northern Ireland to do with them?"

The Press
John Bowman

ONCE KNOWN as "de Valera's paper," the *Irish Press* is now more closely identified with Tim Pat Coogan; and the point of maturity for any paper is surely when the editor become more associated with its preoccupations and personality than the owner. By this standard alone, Coogan's record at Burgh Quay is impressive and deserves better circulation figures than he has obtained. Few papers have been transformed so rapidly and so radically. At a time when it was rumoured that the *Irish Press* might merge with the *Evening Press* as an afternoon paper, his arrival brought a confidence to the paper it had never known before. Fianna Fail was taken seriously in the sense that its policies were subjected to some critical analysis; while Gageby's *Irish Times* was preaching to the liberal faithful, Coogan introduced some of the same ideas to the industrial suburbs and the small farm countryside. Mary Kenny's sojourn as Women's Editor may be cited as typical of Coogan's early style as Editor.

In Coogan's editorials, however, one can see the outline of many of the key ideas of the hawkish, nationalist school; a refusal to accept that the violence is deeply rooted in *both* communities; the assumption that the North is essentially "a British problem"; the belief that violence will persist if unity is not forthcoming and that it would cease in those six counties if only they were ruled from Dublin.

Innocent, naive and opportunist are the kindest terms I've heard from the few Northern liberals who still read the paper's editorials. Others have been more critical, particularly those Labour T.D.s on the O'Brien wing of the party. Barry Desmond, accused the paper's editor of being revealed "in your true colours as a Burgh Quay salon republican apologist for the Provisional I.R.A." The editorial under review, entitled "Oh, O'Brien," was a page-length attack on the Labour Party's spokesman on Northern Ireland, "a drawingroom Gaelic Leaguer, a salon socialist . . ." It argued that as a private individual O'Brien was entitled to his viewpoint, "one that Mr. Brian Faulkner would share . . . however, while he continues as national spokesman for one of our three great political parties, he can continue to be trotted out by the British Government or by its organs as an authoritative voice in support of their policy."

The oversimplifications here are grotesque to the point of deliberate distortion and implicit in the entire editorial is the suggestion that in his capacity as Labour Party spokesman O'Brien has not the right to offer his views because the *Press* believes they impede "Irish national aspirations."

Dr. O'Brien in his turn is unimpressed with the insight shown by *Irish Press* editorials. He has ridiculed them on R.T.E., in Dail debates and in the *New York Review;* he has been critical of Coogan on the British television programme, *What the Papers Say,* and, as if all that wasn't enough, he has publicly corrected their grammar on more than one occasion. One senses in all this his rejection of the ease with which Mr. Coogan's paper has allowed itself to be polarised from being an enthusiast for the O'Neill-Lemass rapprochement to being a champion of just one Irish tradition. Claiming that O'Brien didn't understand why he protested at Dun Chaoin school, the *Press* argued that the school had its origins "in ancient wars of dispossession and it is being closed because *the Irish* of today are moving back to the better land, better places and to the towns and places of influence in this country." (My italics).

Perhaps the real difference between Coogan and O'Brien is how they define the word "Irish."

(Continued from page 8)

The tension generated by the continuous army friskings in and around the main shopping areas thickens the air. The raw anger and profound embarassment felt by many women at being frisked by military policewomen deepens resentment. There have been many days of minor protest but the feeling of helplessness permeates.

The Sunday meeting of intercession to God for peace and justice, organised by the four main churches was attended by some five thousand. Many stayed at home; some to map out their version of Ireland's future; some because they resolved never to attend another meeting; some to watch "The Big Match" and pretend it never happened—not any of it.

Dail Eireann

Back In The Rut?

ONCE AGAIN, as we come up to the resumption of sittings of Dail Eireann after the long summer break, the business stacked up for Deputies *looks* exciting. Will they, as they've done so often in the past, as they did last winter, deaden it and reduce it to unendurable boredom? It seems scarcely possible—yet it's been done all too frequently.

Let us look at just some of the business. We have the E.E.C. legislation, all neatly packaged in one short, omnibus Bill which if passed as it stands will amount to poorly-disguised legislation and revocation by a stroke of the Ministerial pen. True, such action will be subject to Dail review, but a wealth of past experience has shown us how frustrated Opposition Deputies can be in trying to reverse something which for months or a year is a practical, accomplished operation.

The net effect of this Bill will be to implement, in the shortest, tidiest and least troublesome way ,the decision made by the people in last summer's referendum, to lift the Constitution curtain so as to allow Community legislation to become as much a part of our law as if it was passed by the Oireachtas piece by piece. There is a lot to be said for doing this tidily and efficiently once the people by overwhelming majority decided it should be done. But it is important to guard against the assumption of excessive powers by the Executive here under the general and necessarily ill-defined terms of the referendum decision. In layman's terms it is proposed under the Bill to give each member of the Government, operating in his Ministry, very wide powers in the process of enmeshing the laws, acts and orders of the Communities into the fabric of our domestic laws and rules. The Dail is to be given power, post factum, to review these Ministerial Orders. We have fairly wide experience of this sort of operation in regard to Ministerial Orders in areas like protection of industry by tariff or duty control. Each year the Dail passes miscellaneous measures confirming Ministerial Orders of this kind made in the previous months.

This, however, is a very limited operation. Under the E.E.C. Bill, on the other hand, Ministers would be given the power by simple Order, not only to import particular pieces of European legislation into our system; but to decide which pieces of our domestic law passed by the Oireachtas under the Constitution should be set aside so as not to clash with the European import!

One would expect a major Dail row next week over that one issue alone, but possibly after a few intelligent contributions from predictable quarters it will slip back and be lost in low-level party bickering.

Deputies, one feels, should be excited at the prospect of getting their teeth into Constitutional reform at last—even if only on the relatively minor (assuming full ecclesiastical support) issue of abolishing Article 44 which deals with the special position of the Catholic Church. Again, unfortunately, too many Deputies will have both eyes too firmly fixed on the home base to attempt any worthwhile analysis of wider Constitutional reform, or in-depth reflection of local and regional views on this matter.

Again, one would expect at this time, when one of their members is off on an exciting new career as our first Mr. Europe, and this area is generally beginning to move, that there would be some enthusiasm among our Deputies to get into the European parliament and play a big part in establishing its democratic precedents and traditions. Nothing of the kind. The only real reaction so far from the great majority of Deputies of all parties is: how do I cunningly slide out of this for the moment but manage to keep it on ice in case it turns out to be better than my Dail position?

There are the by-elections looming up —one clear vacancy now for the late Surgeon Hogan's seat in Tipperary, and another pretty certain on January 1st when Dr. Hillery officially vacates his Dail seat and Ministry. Yet they are causing little stir, and it would not be surprising to find them left over until late Spring, indeed until the Presidential election day in June.

The point here is that Mr. Lynch will probably get both seats, but there is no terrible pressure on him to wrap them up quickly. On the other side, Fine Gael after the mess they made of the mid-Cork writ, will be slow to take Jack for granted again. In any case, Mr. Cosgrave will probably advise his party that since the net result would be to place two new men on the Fianna Fail benches, there is no good reason why they should spend any more scarce money than necessary. This cost would be very substantially reduced if they were held on the same day as the Presidential or local elections. But the general impression now is that the local elections will be put back for yet another year.

With all these exciting possibilities about, it might be difficult at this stage to see how the winter term could be other than exhilerating. Yet the virtual certainty is that after a lively opening, and possibly a couple of days' forced enthusiasm, we'll be back in the rut by the end of October.

Unionists

After The Blackpool Conferences

ANY UNIONIST fears that the British party conference season would see a dramatic change in Government or Opposition policy towards Northern Ireland have been allayed. True, the Tories withstood Right-wing demands to "get tougher" with the I.R.A., and Labour endorsed Harold Wilson's 15-year plan for unity. But the important thing was that the bi-partisan policy between the Westminster parties survived, and Unionists got further assurances —the dose has now to be repeated at more and more frequent intervals—that unity would not come without majority consent. At one stage it looked as if Wilson was going to rock the boat hard, by stressing that Dublin had to be brought into any discussion of the North's future, but it didn't amount to more than a hope. He wasn't threatening Mr. Whitelaw so much as trying to win the support of the half-hearted dissidents in his own party. The same applied to his dark hints about the possibility of British public opinion demanding withdrawal of the troops if privately-owned guns were not outlawed. Back in Belfast, people wondered if anyone who knew so little about the basic facts of life—that virtually all the shooting was done with unlicensed guns, and that 10,000 UDA men in paramilitary uniform simply can't be arrested—could be trusted to know anything at all about solutions. But it was enough to hold the party together on Ireland, and that is as much anyone at Blackpool wanted.

On second thoughts, after an interval of a year, the Wilson 15-point plan looked far from radical and Unionist commentators pointed out that there was little to fear if unity could only come by consent of the majority, after an all-party, quadrapartite conference had reached agreement. The chances of agreement on a constitution were almost nil, and the chances of the majority voting consent were smaller still. Ulster was safe ,as Unionists saw it.

The Unionists went out of their way to put up an impressive show at the Conservative conference—to the extent of giving some Belfast pressmen their first taste of Unionist hospitality at a Blackpool hotel reception—and they could be reasonably satisfied with the results. Their attack on direct rule and the Government's security policy was repulsed, but it got a sympathetic hearing and considerable vocal support from the law-and-order brigade. Only a fiery speech by Mr. Whitelaw, spelling out the agonies of his six-months sentence at Stormont Castle, put any backbone into the Government case, and many attributed the overwhelmingly vote in favour of present policy to his appeal. The pattern of the debate showed that the Tory Right is lining up behind the Unionists and this could be an important factor in the fights yet to come. Mr. Enoch Powell has found in Ulster yet another stick with which to beat the Government, and his nuisance value is considerable. Like many an English politician before him, he is learning to play the Orange Card, as a variation to his other Right wing themes. It's a strong card for him, since the Government is committed to ineffectual half-measures in its Ulster policy, and it helps put the Unionist case on the map in Britain. The liaison is mutually beneficial.

But by forcing a head-on confrontation with the Government, the Unionists had some of their favourite solutions smartly knocked on the head by Mr. Whitelaw. He discounted any suggestion of a harder line towards Dublin as counter-productive and rejected the idea of blanket searches —"rooting out the gunmen" is the usual phrase. Again he stressed that world opinion is important to Britain in relation to Northern Ireland, a theme he first took up at Darlington, and he hit back at those Unionists who blame all the trouble on Westminster with a thinly disguised version of the Opposition's "fifty years of Unoinist misrule".

It wasn't all plus at Blackpool by any means, but there were few outward signs that the Conservatives are ready to ditch their old allies. Tories enjoy squaring up to colonial type situations, without bothering much to find out what they're all about, and they see Ulster in this light. There are few gatherings in Britain where someone could say "Belfast is as British as London" and raise a cheer, but the Tory conference is one of them.

Blackpool has been a healthy diversion away from the cares within the party, giving Unionists the chance to work off some communal spleen about British misgovernment and smoothing over the ruffles caused by liberal defections. Dr. Robert Simpson, a dismal but well-meaning failure as Ulster's first Minister of Community Relations, is the latest drop-out, and Roy Bradford hangs on by the skin of his teeth, having virtually declared himself a New Ireland man. (Does he know, perhaps, that a top Alliance man has vowed to quit his party if Bradford, who once flirted with Alliance, ever joins?)

Naturally, there has been an outraged reaction to the postponement of the border referendum, largely because it unites Protestants in resentment of perfidious Albion, rather than for any effect it will have on the December local government elections. The result was a foregone conclusion, anyway—with Protestants voting solidly for the British link and Catholics abstaining—and Ted Heath was hardly going to risk recriminations over his failure to allow a Common Market referendum for the sake of boosting the Unionist ego. Either way, the Unionists were bound to win. If the referendum had come before the elections, their candidates would have swept home on a patriotic tidal wave; now that the elections precede the referendum, the only issue at stake will be the border, for or against.

The British hope must be that the Unionists are in such a state of disarray that the centre block of Labour and Alliance will poll heavily, but they reckon without the Unionist talent for electoral pacts. The chances are that rather than risk confrontations between Right and Extreme Right, the Unionists will try to produce a united Right-wing front on every ballot paper. Only a strong calling from the Paisleyites or the UDA boycotters—who have already been burning PR leaflets and plan to picket polling booths—can upset their plans, and there is good reason for supposing that Paisley has shot his bolt, and that the UDA will change their tune, when they see the chance to get their own men eleteced.

The elections are all important, as an indication of how polarised opinion has become since the Westminster elections of 1970 and how good or bad are the chances of Protestant acceptance of a demoted Stormont administration. But the new councils to be elected are almost meaningless. They are the bottom tier in a three-tier re-organisation, consisting of 26 new district councils, four area councils and an enlarged Stormont. The purpose of the re-organisa-

(Continued in page 11)

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Q. What other peace talks failed to take place last week?

A. Those promised by Nelson Muse of Weekend T.V. who offered to fly all parties who had not attended Darlington, to a special Peace Conference in Paris. Incredibly he got several takers, but not enough to mount the expensive but 'serious' current affairs Programme that Weekend T.V. wanted to impress its licencing authority....

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(Continued from page 10)

tion was to transfer power from the hands of the discredited local politicains to Stormont, and thus the district councils have little more to do then empty the bins and bury the dead. In the old set up, there were 62 councils, of all descriptions—about 11 of them controlled by nationalists. (Several of these, like Newry and Strabane, were wound up after the internment boycott). This proportion may be increased, thanks to one man—one vote and votes at 18, but it is of little importance. Power has been centralised in the hands of the area boards—looking after health, education, and social services — and the unknown quantity of Stormont, which will have the final say. The winning of Derry and Fermanagh for the anti-partitionist cause, therefore, will be of psychological value. But the elections can hardly have any other effect than to split the Northern community even more effectively into two irreconcilable camps. They are being held, chiefly because of the demands of local government staff re-organisation, but no one is looking forward to them.

Air Corps

For War Or Peace?

WHEN THE government of a country like Ireland, with limited defence needs and a budget fitted to those needs, spends over a hundred thousand pounds on military aircraft, the taxpayer has a right to ask about the whys and wherefores of the transaction. When the Department of Defence buys eight single-engined Cessnas, which are neither useful for training nor for mercy missions, and are armed with rockets with the explosive force of a hand grenade, the question mark becomes very difficult to ignore.

The Air Corps will use the planes, it seems, for reconnaissance along the border, as the "eyes and ears" of the ground forces, and if necessary, in a limited striking role. The planes' high wings, according to Colonel Patrick Swan, the Officer Commanding the Air Corps, make them very suitable for ground observation and for carrying rockets. But these same high wings make it unwieldy and thus its firepower inaccurate in a strong wind. And even if these grenade-style rockets are occasionally on target, who are they to be aimed at?

The real question, nevertheless, is whether the country can afford aircraft so completely lacking a peacetime role. The Cessna cannot be used for mercy missions because its take-off distance is too long (220 yards) or for search and rescue operations because it has a high stalling speed of 64 m.p.h. The obvious retort is that helicopeters are too expensive. But with a large world surplus and a high rate of depreciation (the commercial buyer expects a rate of one-seventh off the cost-price per year), a good secondhand helicopter can be bought for little more than twice the price of a Cessna 172. An Alouette 2 (the Air Corps already use the slightly larger and more expensive Alouette 3) or a Bell Jet Ranger (which the Americans use as a gunship in Vietnam) would both, with their easy adaptability to a peacetime role, be much more suitable for Irish purposes.

In fact, even if helicopters had proved too expensive, there are aircraft like the French Morane Minerva which can operate out of a 100 yard field and costs the same as the Cessna. It now seems quite obvious that the Air Corps and its buyers didn't fully explore the market, both new and secondhand, before spending the taxpayers money. Those taxes might have been put to better use to buy planes that could do something more than vainly chase suspected I.R.A. border-jumpers across the fields and hedgerows of Monaghan.

Art Robbery

A Dangerous Precedent

IT IS NOW CLEAR that the expensive robbery of chalices and objets d'art from Maynooth College museum last month, was a sophisticated job professionally executed by a gang with cross-Channel connections for disposal of 'the loot'. As such, the theft sets something of a precedent in Irish crime and introduces the threat—not well known elsewhere—of a real danger to private art collections in this country.

The Maynooth robbery followed quickly on the theft of the Mansfield Monstrance from a safe in nearby Newbridge College. This monstrance was an elaborate work of gold, embellished with Jewels and other precious stones. Its estimated value was £10,000 and it looks as if both robberies were carried out by the same gang.

The robbery in Maynooth was obviously a well planned operation and the entire contents of fourteen glass cabinets were taken. They have included nine silver and gold chalices dating from the 15th century, fourteen silver pyxes dating from the sixteenth century; six gold and silver pectoral crosses; eighteen gold and silver rings; five gold and silver snuff boxes dating from nineteenth century; sixty-seven miscellaneous crosses and crucifixes (gold, silver and brass), twenty-nine gold and silver medallions, twenty badges, tokens and pendants; forty-four papal medals dating from the year 900. The estimated value of the stolen property is put at around ten thousand pounds, but this figure may be considerably understated, as no professional evaluation has ever been made of the pieces. Some press reports mentioned that the Roscommon chalice had also been taken but fortunately it had been removed for cleaning a few days previously.

As is the case with the Mansfield Monstrance there has been no trace of the Maynooth pieces since the theft. One theory was that the objets d'art were stolen for the purpose of melting them down. Though this is a simple enough process their value as collectors items would be worth considerably more and it can be presumed that most of the items have already found their way to the Hatton Garden market in London.

The execution of the theft indicates the existence of a highly professional outfit with a keen knowledge of what is valuable and where such pieces might be. The robbery in Newbridge attests to this when the thieves had to burgle the safe in order to get at the Mansfield Monstrance. In the case of Maynooth the thieves must have had good knowledge of the layout of the Museum and the value of the various objects. They took what was most valuable in gold and silver and escaped with their haul unnoticed. Certainly the operation was made easier for them by the negligence of the custodians. At the time of the robbery, the museum was completely unattended.

A reward of £1,000 for information leading to the recovery of the goods has now been offered. And while there may not be too much hope in this, at least the whole business has served as a warning to other curators and private collectors. Ireland is joining the common market for stolen art as well as for butter and pigs.

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Q. What is it that continues to mar Jack Lynch's pleasure at Croke Park?

A. The seating arrangements. A little while ago the Taoiseach found himself cheek and jowl with Neil Blaney at the Cassius Clay fight, and at the All-Ireland football final, who was sharing the Presidential box with him but Paddy Kennedy, M.P. Kennedy occupied the seat reserved for John Hume, to whom an official invitation had been sent, but he wasn't able to attend.

Diary of the year

Wednesday, October 4th: The leader of the Ulster Vanguard Movement, Mr. William Craig, escapes unhurt after gunmen fire at his car near Lisburn.

Thursday, October 5th: Cardinal Conway, at a press conference, forecasts a "historic" ecumenical meeting between Ireland's Catholic bishops and leaders of other Irish churches sometime in the New Year.

Friday, October 6th: The headquarters of Sinn Fein at Lower Kevin Street is raided and declared closed by Gardai and special branch detectives. Dr. Hillery, Minister for Foreign Affairs, meets President Nixon at the White House to discuss the issue of landing rights.

Saturday, October 7th: A woman is killed in a car-bomb explosion in Belfast and a youth is shot dead by a U.D.R. patrol in Tyrone.

Sunday, October 8th: At a rally in Derry to commemorate the October 5th march in 1968, speakers warn that the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association's campaign of street demonstrations and civil disobedience will continue and intensify.

Monday, October 9th: The British Government decides to postpone until the spring of next year the proposed referendum on the Border. Another ex-Unionist Cabinet Minister, Dr. Robert Simpson, resigns from the party, the fourth to do so.

Tuesday, October 10th: The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Hillery, in a speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations, says that partition is the fundamental difficulty in Irish affairs, and that the Northern crisis can never be resolved in a purely Northern setting. Three people are killed in an explosion in the Lower Falls area of Belfast. A U.D.R. sergeant is shot dead in Newry while on his way to work, and in Belfast a bus knocks down and kills a man after being stoned by a crowd of young people.

Wednesday, October 11th: The delegates at the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool pass by a large majority a motion supporting Mr. Whitelaw's policies in Northern Ireland.

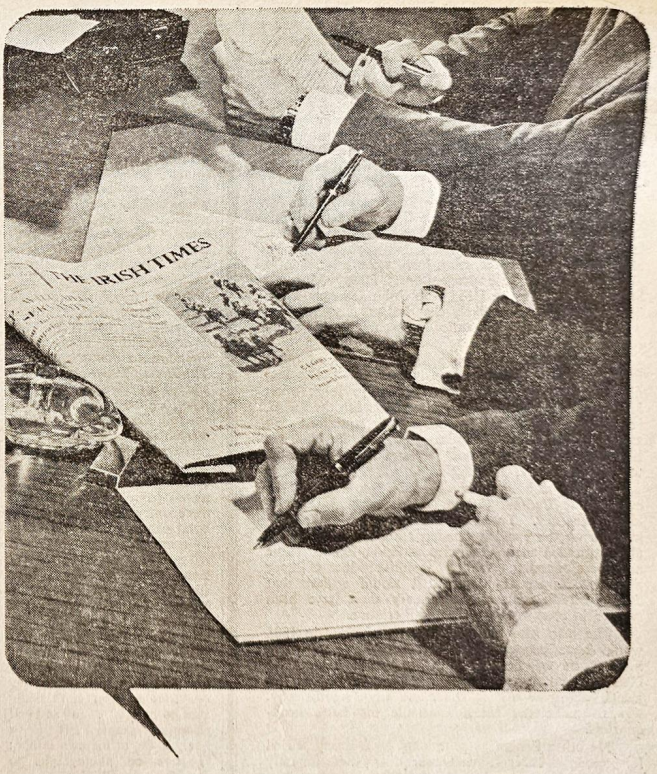
Tuesday, October 12th: Armed raiders rob a bank in Grafton Street, Dublin and get away with £45,000. A motorist is shot dead by a British soldier after failing to stop when ordered to in the centre of Belfast.

Friday, October 13th: The Labour Party leader, Mr. Corish, strongly denies allegations that he or any of his parliamentary colleagues are opposed to Irish unity.

Sunday, October 15th: Riots break out in Buncrana, Co. Donegal, after a Sinn Fein demonstration in the town. Offaly beat Kerry by nine points in the replayed all-Ireland Football Final.

Monday, October 16th: A man and a boy are run over and killed by British Army vehicles during rioting in Belfast. Two men are shot dead by British soldiers at a roadblock in Co. Tyrone. The Ulster Defence Association claims responsibility for an explosion in a fertiliser plant in Carrigans, Co. Donegal this evening.

Tuesday, October 17th: The Ulster Defence Association declares that after the killing of two civilians by Army vehicles it considers both the British Army and the British Government its enemies. There are serious clashes between troops and Protestant crowds on the Shankill Road and in East Belfast.



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The French Connection

John Jordan

IN A FAMOUS PASSAGE in his equivocal polemic, **On the Boiler,** often selectively interpreted, Yeats, in defence of "the true Irish people," lists only one Catholic name, Kevin O'Higgins, but concludes: "If the Catholic names are few, history will soon fill the gap. My imagination goes back to those Catholic exiled gentlemen of whom Swift said that their bravery exceeded that of all nations."

It is not for me to examine the thesis that those gentlemen would have been braver still if they had stayed at home. My interest here is in Irish exiles in France, particularly in Paris, which, over the last two centuries, has welcomed a motley group of Irish for extended or relatively brief periods. It is arguable that had circumstances been a little different, Tone, Lord Edward and his wife, Lady Pamela (who was brought up at the French Court), or even Emmet might have been exiles in Paris.

It was in 1803 that Richard Lovell Edgeworth, enjoying immensely the intellectual and social pleasures, was, with his family, including Maria, peremptorily ordered to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. The fly in the ointment was the mistaking of R. L. Edgeworth for the brother of his distant kinsman, the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont. The Abbé had ministered to Louis XVI on the scaffold and was known as an ardent Royalist. Though French-born, his father was a one-time Rector of Edgeworthstown who had come to France in 1749. But I hardly think he was one of Yeats's "exiled Catholic gentlemen." An unfortunate Protestant gentleman, Richard's son, Lovell, and Maria's half-brother, spent the best years of his youth in French captivity after the war of 1803. I "anecdotalise" about the Edgeworths because their French connections are rather less known than those of the United Irishmen or the Fenians.

The outstanding link of the Fenians with Paris is, of course, John O'Leary, whose first association with the city was in 1855, as a desultory medical student. He lodged with, among others, Whistler, Swinburne and George du Maurier, who, forty years later, was to publish **Trilby,** whose progenitor is Henry Murger's **Scènes de la Bohème** (1851). If John O'Leary knew du Maurier, it seems likely that he was also familiar with the far from romantic Bohemian world which still existed in 1855.

O'Leary was to return again to Paris (and other parts of France) before his imprisonment in 1867. But his long Parisian exile was from 1872 to 1885, when he acted as a kind of intermediary between the I.R.B. in Ireland and Clann na nGael in America. He settled in the Hôtel Corneille, where, in the '90s, we find Synge and Yeats, and in January, 1903, Joyce, too, on his first trip to Paris.

O'Leary's biographer, Marcus Bourke, on the evidence of Padraic Colum, maintains that O'Leary knew Turgenev. Turgenev was during this period a member of the exclusive dining club, Magny's, which also embraced such luminaries as Sainte-Beuve, Taine and the Goncourts. While it is unlikely that O'Leary ever had dinner at Magny's, it would appear that during his Parisian years O'Leary must have been steeped in contemporary French literature.

The man who returned finally to Ireland in 1885 would have brought with him knowledge of some forty years of French literature, from Murger to Flaubert, and some of this must have rubbed off on Yeats, whom he met in 1886, and who, significantly, was to make the Hôtel Corneille his Paris headquarters.

No other Fenian as prominent as O'Leary settled for so long in Paris (James Stephens was there for only a couple of years). But another, Stephens's cousin, Joseph Casey, has been immortalised in **Ulysses** as "Kevin Egan." Casey was a typesetter for the **New York Herald** in Paris when Joyce knew him in 1903. "Weak wasting hand in mine, They have forgotten Kevin Egan. Not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion." In the same context ("Kevin Egan's" conversation) there are references to "Maud Gonne, beautiful woman"—then living in Paris—and "M. Millevoye," the Boulangist politician reputed to have been Maud Gonne's lover.

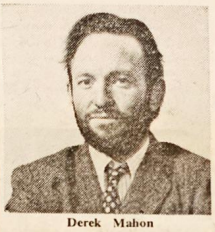
From George Moore, in his 20s, to James Stephens, the writer, in his 40s, the connection was there. Oddly, the only famous Irish writer to have died and been buried there is Oscar Wilde.

The North's Younger Poets

Padraic Fiacc

FOUR OR FIVE years ago a group of Flower People invaded, of all places, Belfast! It was about eleven a.m. and the street were deserted. For the want of people about, these U.S. Hippies hugged the tree trunks in Botanic Park: 'But, man, where are the people? This is Ireland, man: where are the poets?'

Six-footer Derryman schoolmaster, Tom McLaughlin,



Derek Mahon

holds an answer in his poem, *The Men Are At Work*: 'Straight rows of slate and chimney pot/ . . . . a terraced street/A red-brick toyland where a child forgot/To put in people. . .' And in another poem, 'O self-indulgent boredom!' he bemusingly lyricises: 'Our lives at this pace could go on forever!'

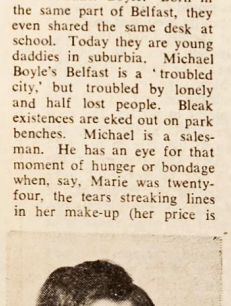
Tom's friend, Fermanagh man, Frank Ormbsy, also teaches. He and Tom took over editorship from James Simmons to continue to run *The Honest Ulsterman*. Frank handed me his *Ripe For Company*, a generous booklet of 27 poems. He doesn't intend to publish in real book form, he declared, until he is thirty. His poems on friend, brother or chance acquaintance (when he travels from Belfast back into the country), confess to an unusual susceptibility: 'I'd nurse a secret awe for one/Who'd sell me for a crooked sixpence/ You'd touch me for a loan and I'd agree." Or for a brother who, years ago, took a different parting on the road after Eleven Plus: 'I note your hands are twice the size of mine." Or, the perception, that no matter how obsessively one tries to, you can't really ever go back: '. . . not sorry at partings, people left in a hurry,' Or, of his own father: 'I have no photographs to make you new."

Tom Matthew's poem in this month's *Honest Ulsterman* captures the restlessness of the young Ulster poet, enthralled and pleased by the Muse: 'She tells me answers I have no questions for./I am her pupil, her foolish lad.'

The Teddy Boys of Michael Foley's boyhood haunt him with seemingly some unrealisable-as-yet truth: 'I merely wonder was it just/My growing up which caused their fall?' Foley may well be the most representative of his generation here in the North, hurling himself into the kill with all the generous masochism of the young man wanting to be: '. . . a river to my people/Dozing before their televisions.' Their children won't return/ To such a cozy glowing womb./ All they know for sure of living:/ It doesn't happen in the living room.'

Michael Brophy (one of Seamus Heaney's protégés) (Paul Muldoon, the young Armagh poet, calls Seamus 'Our father-figurehead') is a science teacher who can compose a wry dry instant poem which fits well into the large newspaper because of its terseness and topicality, e.g., his *Guns For The Boys* published some time ago in the *Belfast Telegraph*, has a particular relevance just now. It hits out at guerrilla warfare in general, the kind of war where women, children and youths are mercilessly gunned down in 'crossfire' or 'by mistake,' but are nonetheless dead whatever happened, and murdered ironically by those who set themselves up as their 'defenders': 'Then the three men with their guns/Lined up and shot me./ You're easier to protect/When you're dead,' they said.

In a recent new Poetry Magazine, *Words*, Michael Brophy shares pages of poems with Michael Boyle. Born in the same part of Belfast, they even shared the same desk at school. Today they are young daddies in suburbia. Michael Boyle's Belfast is a 'troubled city,' but troubled by lonely and half lost people. Bleak existences are eked out on park benches. Michael is a salesman. He has an eye for that moment of hunger or bondage when, say, Marie was twenty-four, the tears streaking lines in her make-up (her price is



Michael Boyle

thirty bob), suddenly remembers cobblestones from childhood as she paces the streets. Or an old man on Carrick Hill watching the bulldozers 'make cobbles, make clay,' while he himself waits to die. Or Jerry, a youth, peering at the holes between the night boat's planks, on a 'Belfast Sunday,' as he emigrates to Preston . . .

"A law unto himself," Michael Longley and several older poets, stand side by side with the younger men. Longley, e.g. through the voice of the Swedish poet, Lars Forssell, hits out against "military solutions," re-affirming faith in the open vulnerability of the poet as opposed to the closed shop dehumanisation of the Military Machine:

Paul Muldoon

"The bloodstains on my mind/ In my ears the bombs . . . The death throes and the screams/ . . . the hell that I remember/Captain Steel has never seen."

This is perhaps the most orthodox answer to those bird-brains who insist that the poet should be more actively committed to his own particular political orgy of blood-letting. Goethe said a long time ago that poets are not war-like by nature. If anything, they fight against death or being dead: e.g. James Simmons' 'Imaginative reconstruction shed/Some light upon a vanquished way of life/But I can't live like them and they are dead."

Our dark native city itself becomes the focus of resentment. The older poet, Norman Dugdale, writes: (in his *Night Ferry* as it edges at daylight into Belfast: "Wall slogans run like wet mascara/ Down gable ends. The terraces/Wear jilted looks, deserted/In the morning swollen-eyed . . . " Or, in another poem: "City of gull-flecked gantries/Raised by steam and iron from mud . . ./God-ranting, canting, pious without pity . . ."

Seamus Heaney's *From Cave Hill* also knocks our Home Town with ". . . the City smokes/Up through the dead damp . . ./Roofing the lough and tower flats:/A smouldering hill-ringed pit/ Placid and shrunk on itself/ Like a compost heap."

Derek Mahon, whose new collection, *"Lives,"* via Oxford University Press, has certainly tried to come to grips: "The things that happen in the kitchen houses/And echoing back streets of this desperate city/Should engage more than my transient interest/Exact more interest than my casual pity . . ." Yet, what in the end, distinguishes these young poets, together with others such as Brendan Hamil, Joan Newman, Michael Stevens, Ciaran Carson, Tom McGurk, Dennis Kelly, Brian McAuley and several more, from, say, the Rodgers, McNeice generation or the Hewitt or McFadden one even?

Derek Mahon, some time ago, rat-tat-tatted off on my typewriter a poem he called *Homecoming*. It answers: "We cannot start/At this late date/With a pure heart/Or having seen/The picture plain/ Be ever in/-ocent again."

Ulster's latest Gregory-award winner (the youngest yet—in his early 'twenties), Paul Muldoon, who together with fellow Ulster poet, William Peskett, has had some work already published by Faber and Faber, and will have his first hardback collection brought out by them next year, also is troubled by the constant violence of our present Ulster situation. He refuses to let it cramp his style: "Words, like "bullets" or "bombs" aren't real words." He was breathing smoke over our milk-coffees when I realised that these

Frank Ormsby

young poets in their twenties really do have integrity, and Muldoon, the youngest poet in Derek Mahon's *Sphere Book of Modern Irish Poetry*, in his poem on Belfast, sets the mood for hope or peace (but we don't know, and neither does he, if it all isn't just one more euphoric mirage!) Certainly he won't be stopped from writing by if: "From the higher ground I look over the city/To know last night's whitewash/Is being given the lie by this morning's rain./ That cemetery under the mountain/Is again appearing as a field of seagulls."

Radical Shibboleths

Harvey Oxenhorn

NINE LIES ABOUT AMERICA. By Arnold Beichman. Foreword by Tom Wolfe. The Alcove Press. £2.95.

NINE LIES ABOUT AMERICA is one of the most honest analyses of the American political scene to appear in some time. Writing in the outraged spirit of one who has "had enough," Beichman sets about methodically debunking what he labels the "Big Lies" that presently permeate American intellectual circles — that America is "fascist," that it is "genocidal," that its people wallow in "materialist corruption," that its democratic system is a "fraud," that its workers are "honkies," that the country has "gone insane" and can only be saved by a violent revolution.

His particular target is those progressives who preach "revolution as an instrument of fashion rather than of progress." (Tom Wolfe.) It is stressed that their writings are not simply overstated or exaggerated, but, in fact, a series of out and out lies, systematically purveyed. Beichman delights in stripping frenetically foppish prose of its pretensions. One of his prize examples of such nonsense reads: "It is no accident that hostility to hippies so *often* focuses on their olfactory humanity."

Other irritating techniques cited are the "halo word," in which an adjective is used to qualify a noun with absolute meaning — "creative terror," "revolutionary violence," or the empty adverb—"virtually," "generally," "invariably." When a prophet of doom alludes to "profound effects," the chances are he cannot identify them.

Beichman's purpose, of course, extends beyond pruning such ungainly flowers. He is concerned with a cheapening of discourse through the irresponsibility of those intellectually equipped to know better. The careless bandying-about of words like "genocide" and "madness" is both self-indulgent and socially destructive. Point by point, definition by definition, the author analytically demonstrates that America is in no sense "fascist" or more crassly materialistic than other nations.

It is when he goes beyond the professed purpose of exposing lies, to glowing statements of Just How Good Things Really Are, that Beichman's book grows weak. Any approach so literal is necessarily limited. In refusing to draw connections or discern patterns, the empiricist tends to use facts, as a drunk uses lamp-posts—more for support than illumination.

For example, America is always looked at as a discrete unit, to be contrasted with others; there is no consideration of politics or economics as an international system. The author will argue, convincingly, that it is no shame for a people to be well-off. But he'll never assess the sources of wealth, or consider, à la Hobson and Lenin, that one way for a major power to stay rich is by exporting poverty. To say: "Don't complain; things are worse in Latin America," is really adding insult to injury. I'm reminded of an American television commercial in which an oil firm states, "We're fighting pollution." How? By building new refineries in the Caribbean.

One other example: In decrying the "decadent onslaught on thought and rationality," Beichman ignores the roots of this trend. Evil aberrations like the "Bomber Left" didn't arise *sui generis*, or solely because Junior was over-indulged. They represent a desperate reaction of certain people to a decade of immoral atrocities—and the word is no Lie—committed in their name.

But the author describes such admissions of fault as a form of liberal cant. The catalogue of evils is superfluous, he implies, for a "fighting liberal of the old school" like himself. Those credentials are no longer convincing. While admiring the man's honesty, one sometimes can't escape feeling that for Beichman, and others of his persuasion, fervent opposition to old evils has been replaced by a paralysing fear of new lies.

NEW NOVELS
John Broderick

THE FRENCH HAVE some curious tastes. They go wild about Scotch tartan, which they imagine is the ultimate in chic. Even more odd is their penchant for old-fashioned English women's names: Cora, Jennie, Daisy, May and Nellie. Housemaids names, as Miss Nancy Mitford helpfully suggests.

These however are small lapses on the part of a nation whose sense of form and balance is very highly developed. Their literature especially has always been admired for its shapeliness and lucidity, grace and style. These are great virtues; but they carry with them their own limitations, and when too highly polished can be fatal to that sense of life without which writing can so easily appear a highly sophisticated intellectual exercise. Many eminent French writers have produced books which are perfect works of art, and quite dead. In many more the polish is too high, so that we seem to see their creatures through a gleaming sheet of plate glass.

This sense of unreality pervades Jean Giraudoux's posthumous novel, **Lying Woman**, translated, with several jarring Americanisms, by Richard Howard. It has a curious history. 'La Menteuse' was written in 1936; a fragment was found among the author's papers after his death in 1944; but it was not until 1968 that the complete manuscript was discovered, and published in Paris the following year. It is thought that Giraudoux suppressed it because it was too obviously inspired by real people. That may be so, but after all these years, and particularly as a result of the author's rarefied manner they hardly come through as human beings at all. The whole thing reads like a fairy tale, and reminds me of one of Louise de Vilmorin's hothouse stories.

It is of course a very superior sort of fairy-tale. It is beautifully written, highly civilised, and within its own limitations perfectly executed: rather like a divertissement put on by a group of brilliant dancers with split-second timing. Not for nothing was Giraudoux called 'the Nijinsky of the Novel', a description which was intended to be flattering, and is, alas, only too true. A novelist should not write like a ballet-dancer, however great: it suggests an over-developed technique. In 'Le Spectre de la Rose' Nijinsky, we are told, remained airborne for a period beyond the normal capacity of human beings: marvellous while it lasts, but not really the sort of thing which makes for good fiction. Novelists ought to have their feet upon the ground. Their true material is not the ghost of the rose, hovering in the air, but the exhausted man who falls into the wings afterwards, panting and covered with sweat.

The hero of Giraudoux' novel gives the impression that he has never sweated in his life. His name is Reginald; like the author he is a diplomat; and very much a man of distinction. For me he has one added distinction: he is the most insufferable prig that I have ever encountered within the pages of a book. Towards the end we are allowed to see with the most subtle irony that he is a great deal less admirable than a horse; but by then the damage has been done. The irony is just a shade too subtle, especially since for two-thirds of the novel Giraudoux has been building up this alter ego as the most noble, the most admirable, the most sublime of men. For him little girls of eight conceive wild passions, not because he makes Lolitas out of them, but because he is so very, very kind and good. After one chaste kiss from him a society woman goes into a convent; for after such an encounter only Christ is worthy of her love. All in all Reginald made me want to vomit.

Not so Nellie, the heroine. Yes, she really **is** called Nelly. She is a pretty little Parisienne layabout, and when Reginald takes up with her she is so overcome by this paragon of nobility that she invents a whole new past for herself in order to be worthy of him. The rich young manufacturer, Gaston, who is currently keeping her, now strikes her as coarse and crude compared with her shining knight. So she invents a baby in order to cover her afternoon visits to her perfect lover, and Gaston is overcome by her maternal solicitude to such a degree that he delivers a pram to her place of assignation. Eventually Nelly's lies are discovered by everybody concerned; but does she jump out of a window? She does nothing of the sort. She marries a rich old nobleman in order to become a marquise, and thus a little more worthy of Reginald who likes everything and everybody to be aristocratic. Ah well, I suppose such things happen in life; but they should never be allowed to happen in fiction.

It is a great pity that Giraudoux made his hero such a stick, for he has many subtle comments to make upon the nature of love. How two people invent each other, for instance. On this subject layer after layer of meaning is delicately unwrapped, and in the end we do feel that we know a little more about it all. The writing is of course exquisite; and so are the emotions. They are too exquisite. I for one would have appreciated them a great deal more if at some stage of the performance the knight of the rose had split his tights.

Giraudoux is never uninteresting when he writes about animals; and there is one marvellous passage here about a horse being led to the knacker's yard. I could not help thinking at the end of the book that it was a thousand pities that the distinguished author had not turned his hero into a horse. He would have been far more credible. More fun for Nelly too.

LYING WOMAN, by Jean Giraudoux. Victor Gollancz Ltd. £2.50.

books in brief

THE PURITAN PLEASURES OF THE DETECTIVE STORY. Erik Routley. In his book Erik Routley (himself a minister of the Congregational Church) examines some of the most famous and influential writers of detective stories in the English language—starting with Sherlock Holmes, examining some fifty of the other notable detective story writers ranging from G. K. Chesterton to Nicolas Freelin. The book is no dull chronology, however, because the author places the detective story in a historical tradition and that tradition is the Anglo Saxon Puritan Society. He argues that three conditions are necessary for the detective story to flourish—a tradition of integrity in the police force; a readiness to accept a "hero" who never fails, and an eagerness in the reader to take pleasure in the special activity of observation. He further argues, after a consideration of the tradition, that the instability and shifting moral standards of today's society will lead to the rapid decline of the detective story. **Gollancz. £3.00.**

THE DREYFUS TRIALS. Guy Chapman. In December, 1894, a French military tribunal found Alfred Dreyfus guilty on a charge of high treason. This verdict affected not only the army but also successive governments, and involved the Church, the judiciary and intellectuals in such an intense controversy that even today, some 80 years later, it still arouses debate. The whole affair was characterised by lies and genuine errors, charges of anti-semitism among Dreyfus' accusers, the determination of the War Office to uphold the honour and integrity of the Army and the manner in which both sides of the French Parliament attempted to manipulate the case. Guy Chapman in his book attempts to unravel the complexities and examines the case from every angle. It is a readable account of one of the most significant series of trials in modern European history. **B. T. Batsford. £3.00.**

THE POPISH PLOT. John Kenyon. The Popish Plot is described as "an indelible disgrace upon the English nation" and in his book Professor Kenyon examines the stresses and counterstresses which engulfed the reign of Charles II, finally resulting in the judicial murder of men whose total innocence was proved within a few years after the event. It deals with the nation-wide panic, the result of which caused the death and imprisonment of hundreds of Catholics. It reveals the lies and perjuries which convinced Parliament and the general public that the Jesuits along with the Catholic nobility were actively plotting the assassination of Charles II. He analyses the nature and extent of the English Catholic community and attempts to explain the violent resentment against its members. As a study of mass hysteria and prejudice it is very relevant to our own times. **Heinemann. £3.75.**

THE LEAPING HARE. George Ewart Evans and David Thomson. We tend to look upon animals as amusements, more often than not ignorant of their behaviour and environment. In this book the hare is examined in its natural setting and in mythology all over the world. It is chosen as a study because the authors claim it to be the most misunderstood of animals. In order to learn of its idiosyncrasies and to understand it more fully, the authors follow it through field and mountain, in Ireland and Great Britain. In turn, they discuss the hare as food, witchen and trickster, detailing anecdotes, traditional stories and taboos associated with it. **Faber and Faber. £3.50.**

paperbacks

COOKS KNOW HOW by Kate Engel. A very useful guide to everything you wanted to know about cooking, written specifically for the Irish market. The recipes are arranged according to season, there is a section on catering for parties, and the appendix includes a glossary of cooking terms and a selection of food shops in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Galway and Belfast. Very well indexed. **Torc. 60p.**

THE ABZ OF PORNOGRAPHY. Edited by Richard Michael. Though published before the Longford Inquiry it anticipated (not a difficult achievement) that committee's findings and presents the counter arguments with a mixture of fact and polemic. Wittily written, though perhaps naturally, with a heavy bias towards Britain—Mary Whitehouse, Ana Summers, D. H. Lawrence, etc., and Longford, who gets eight pages to himself as well as being mentioned on almost every other. **Panther. 50p.**

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS by Hunter S. Thompson. The author of 'Hells Angels', describes a drugged pilgrimage to Vegas and draws a sometimes amusing but ultimately frightening and shocking picture of Middle-America and the culture of the silent majority. The world of Tom Wolfe but without the compassion. **Paladin. 40p.**

MORE PRICKS THAN KICKS by Samuel Beckett. First published in 1934, it is probably the most accessible of Beckett's writings; the humorous and ironic stories of the student Belacqua, his walks and drinking in Dublin, form the best introduction to the Beckett world of Murphy and Malone. **Calder and Boyars, 95p.**

TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA by Richard Brautigan. The first novel of Americas latest cult figure, a gently relaxed evocation of a journey through the country, spoiled by self-conscious affectations—the first chapter describes the book's cover; in the penultimate chapter he confesses the need to end a book with the word 'mayonnaise.' He does so. One of the first titles in a new paperback series from Pan, designed for the younger market. **Picador. 40p.**

A PERSONAL ANTHOLOGY by Jorge Luis Borges. Selections of prose and poetry by the Argentine-born author, described, accurately, as the best living writer in Spanish, most of the pieces translated by Anthony Kerrigan, who edits the book and writes a foreward. **Picador. 85p.**

THE CONCISE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE. Edited by Phyllis Hartnott. A shorter but completely rewritten version of the editors 'Oxford Companion To The Theatre'; it consists of 650 pages and despite the high price for a paperback it's remarkably good value. Surprisingly well informed on things Irish, The Abbey, Gate, etc. receive sections, and the The Pike and the disgraceful arrest of Alan Simpson in connection with the staging of the Rose Tattoo are covered, though the demolition of the Theatre Royal, some ten years ago has gone unnoticed. **Oxford University Press. £1.50p.**

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT by Robert Ardrey. Described by the author as a 'personal inquiry into the evolutionary sources of order and disorder', like his previous books 'The Territorial Imperative' and 'African Genisis' which are reissued simultaneously, the American playwright and anthropologist uses evidence from every source to persuade and provoke in the most fascinating and readable way. **Foutana. 60p.**

MILK

Brendan Kennelly

Three men
On a morning in early summer
Tipped a lorryload of poisoned whey
Into the Line river.

The water opened
And gulped it down.

It was a white poison.
The river swelled with the
Evil milk,
A snowy vein of death
Piercing the land's body.

All through the land
Seeped the scum in a murderous rat,
Through fields and
Meadows waiting to be cut,
Past villages and townlands
Into the sea.

II

Everything died in the milky river.

Brown trout, eels, fluke, young salmon
Perished, every one.

White bellies to the light
Fish floated down the river
Corpses jostling in the tide.

In the summer morning
Poison entered the sun,
Riddled the light
On land and sea,
Possessed the invisible stars
Turned to dust in the air
Dropped like a gentle, malignant shiver of snow
Into the hearts of three men
Standing on a bank
Of the Line river.

III

Men working in the fields
Saw white bellies of fish.
Pain jabbed the hearts of some.
They waded in as far as they could go
Collected the bodies in bags
Returned to the banks
Spread the fish in the fields—
Row after glittering row.

Strange to see
Fishbodies
In the rivery grass.
Men bending over them
Incomprehension in their eyes.

Looking back at the river
They saw countless trout
Try to leap from the water
As if wanting to be alone,
Preferring to die
In an alien element
Than in their poisoned own.

A few fish reached the grass, gravel, stones,
The air pressing on every side.
They stirred, leaped, flickered in the sun
And died.

IV

Later,
People walking through or near the fields
Were forced to drink the stench,
Implacable as cancer
It pierced their clothes and skin
Lived there
White and vile as leprosy.

The whiter, the viler.

It seemed to many women and men
That God's own air
Would never be clean again.

V

In time
Fishbodies would be clay and grass,
Pain in the men's eyes
Lessen
But the river will never
Recover
Its own creatures rotting in light.

The river
And the land it flows for
Will not forget
The summer of poisoned white.

Books

Cruisocentricity

Tomas MacGiolla

STATES OF IRELAND. By Conor Cruise O'Brien. Hutchinson. £3.25.

ON 23rd OCTOBER, 1971, I engaged in public debate with Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien in regard to what I considered to be his pro-Unionist and pro-Imperialist speeches. He made no defence of these at the debate, but delivered a broadside against Sinn Fein (printed here as an appendix) worthy of a gut politician at election time. Now I realise why. It has taken him a year to distort history sufficiently to sustain his arguments.

And what a superb job he has done. "Our frontier," he says on the first page, "is exceptionally old — over three and a half centuries . . ." This is asserted as a bald statement of fact, designed to fool the ignorant. The only frontier I had heard of in Ireland in 1600 was the frontier around the Pale which existed for some centuries before that and with some justification, could be said to exist to this day. On page 10 he states: "The British Government of 1920 did not create nor does the British Government of today artifically preserve the relations between the two communities in Ireland which resulted in the Partition of Ireland." Quite so. The British Government of 1920 did not create the relations—but prevoius British governments did — and the British Government of today does not artifically preserve the bad relations between the two communities simply because they have been forced by world opinion as a result of the Civil Rights campaign to cease artifically preserving the Orange/Unionist system, which preserved politics in the sectarian mould. Dr. O'Brien is a master of the art of hanging on to a tiny grain of truth.

On page 15 Dr. O'Brien very subtly asserts that British Imperialism can not be held responsible for the "evils of Northern Ireland and the Republic." He may deny that he has said so. What in fact he has done is to scoff at and deride "the interpretations of left wing activists (of which) a common feature is the effort to trace the evils of Northern Ireland and the Republic to a source in British Imperialism, apprehended as being as active a force now as at any time in the past, intensely concerned with keeping its grip on Ireland and able to control the policies and actions of British governments, whether Tory or Labour." The reader is clearly left with the impression that as far as Dr. O'Brien is concerned this argument is untenable and irrational. And Dr. O'Brien is the expert on Imperialism! The flyleaf quotes Raymond Williams, of the *Guardian* as saying Conor Cruise O'Brien "now sees imperialism in so clear a light that he is one of the few necessary voices of our time." Why this blind spot in regard to British Imperialism in Ireland?

The pattern becomes clear as we read on. Violence from the Irish side must be condemned and shown to be totally unjustified as well as political protest or even speeches which might be regarded as incitement to violence. There must, therefore, be no hint of British violence, or responsibility for violence or even bad intention because to do so might justify a violent response by Irishmen. The struggle in Ireland is a purely Catholic/Protestant one between two irreconcilable communities with Britain a disinterested, or at worst a bungling, but well-intentioned, Godfather. The main responsibility for the recurring trouble rests with some chauvinistic, xenophobic nationalists who have held fast to the extraordinary notion that Britain is not here to help us but was actually trying to rob us of our land and wealth and successfully kept us divided on religious lines the better to exploit us. In this Cruisocentric (his own description) book, Dr. O'Brien sets the record straight for us and shows us how foolish we have been in the past to believe the mythical notions of Tone in '98 or Connolly in 1916.

He explains to us in some detail, for instance, how easy it was for Africans or Americans to recognise the settlers from natives "by differences in pigmentation and other physical characteristics . . . a good light was all that was needed" (the sightless people never knew whether they were settlers or natives). But in Ireland there were no distinguishing physical characteristics—"The criteria had been theological; settlers were Protestants, natives Catholics . . . . each group's religion had been the most important thing about it and constituted its essential and literally salutary difference from the other group." Nothing could better illustrate the brilliant perceptiveness of Dr. O'Brien than this starkly simple idea. I had often wondered how the natives in Ireland creeping spear in hand through the forests would recognise a settler. I thought it might be by language, nomenclature, dress, song, music, dance, accent or simply their inability to hold their drink.

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien

But of course the settler could learn the language, dress like a native and change his name from Chichester to O'Neill. What would the native do then? Now I know. It was religion all the time. Once he spotted the stranger's religion as he approached he knew at once whether he was settler or native. He didn't even need a good light!

Soon I was straightened out on 1798 also. Far from Wolfe Tone and the Society of United Irishmen having brought Catholic and Protestant together, the Rising of 1798 "did more than any other single set of events to divide Irishmen and to re-establish among Protestants the old siege mentality of the 17th century." I had thought that the success of the Society of United Irishmen in uniting all creeds in Ireland led to an intensification of Britain's efforts to divide them. Apparently O'Brien himself thought so too in the previous page . . . "The Orange Order was founded in Co. Armagh in 1795. Orangism, originally a peasant movement, attracted *landlord support as a reaction against the United Irishmen*—from 1796—Orangemen and people of similar outlook were used by the Government in the brutally conducted searches (shades of the British Army 1970). Here O'Brien shows evidence of the use made, by the government and landlords, of the Orange Order from 1796 to 1969 to divide the Irish, who had been united by Tone. But he asserts the opposite two paragraphs later, to suit his general thesis.

A further example of bending facts to suit his thesis is his attempt to prove that Northern Protestants never took any interest in Irish history, literature, language or culture. He says their participation in the Irish Cultural revival of the 1880's was negligible. His difficulty here, however, is that his main source (W. P. Ryan—the Irish Literary Revival) produces evidence to the contrary. So he casts doubt on the evidence of his main source—"perhaps he obtained his information from the then secretary of the Belfast Society, Joe Devlin . . . Catholic leader . . . pillar of the A.O.H. . . . later boss of Belfast's Catholic ghetto." Perhaps. "Nowhere is the rosary recited with more conviction than in Bodenstown" page 169. In 20 years I never heard it and neither did anyone else I checked with.

"The Official I.R.A. claimed credit for an explosion outside a canteen at Aldershot on 22nd February" (page 285). Did he fear that it would justify the action if he said "an officers' mess in the H.Q. of the Paras?"

Why is the 4th July missing from his Belfast diary (page 230)? The most significant event of 1970, the massive British Army invasion of the Lower Falls took place on that morning. O'Brien doesn't mention it. It would destroy his whole thesis to admit British responsibility for provocative violence or atrocities. (See page 236—"Atrocities; A British Tommy deliberately smashing a small picture of P. H. Pearse, Fenian Bastard!")

This is not a dishonest book. He honestly tells us that this is his own twisted view of Irish history (Cruisocentric). It is, in fact, an O'Brien/Skeffington/Sheehy family interpretation of history, full of regrets and might have beens and personal prejudices. To me, the biographical details were fascinating as they explained much of O'Brien which had hitherto been inexplicable to me except in terms of opportunist politics. His witty, erudite, but down-to-earth and eminently readable style prove what a loss to literature it was that he felt compelled by his background to dabble in politics. He is a political and literary dilettante. In his own terms and definitions he is hopelessly lost; last seen wandering aimlessly between the various categories into which he has divided the Irish and finding a home in none.

Will Dr. O'Brien survive the next Annual Conference of the Labour Party or will he be gone before that? Move over Garret!

Shadow Of Madness

Elizabeth Brady

VIRGINIA WOOLF—A BIOGRAPHY. Vol. 2. Mrs. Woolf: 1912—1941. By Quentin Bell. The Hogarth Press. £3.00.

IN PUBLISHING the extracts from Virginia Woolf's diary (A Writer's Diary: Hogarth Press, 1953) Leonard Woolf recognised a certain danger inherent in the project: "at the best and even unexpurgated, diaries give a distorted or one-sided portrait of the writer, because, as Virginia Woolf herself remarks somewhere in these diaries, one gets into the habit of recording one particular kind of mood . . ." Despite the warning, many readers persist in finding in "A Writer's Diary" confirmation of the legend that Virginia Woolf was a tormented creature incapable of affection and permanently on the brink of madness and suicide. However, Professor Bell's biography will help to lay this unhappy ghost for once and for all.

Volume Two of the Biography discusses in detail her life with Leonard Woolf and the prolonged mental breakdown of the years 1912-1915. The origins and growth of the Hogarth Press are described and also her gradual emergence as a novelist of ever-increasing reputation. The later history of her friends in the Bloomsbury Group is examined as also some new and important friends of her later years: Katherine Mansfield, T. S. Eliot, Ethel Smyth, Hugh Walpole and Vita Sackville-West.

Perhaps the most sympathetic character to emerge from these pages is her husband Leonard. Their relationship seems to have been extraordinarily happy. Although Virginia was apparently frigid, and the doctors advised against her having children—a source of life-long regret to her—"their love and admiration for each other, based as it was upon a real understanding of the good qualities in each, was strong enough to withstand the major and the minor punishments of fortune, the common vexations of matrimony and, presently, the horrors of madness." It was Leonard who nursed her through her illnesses and the nightmare periods of madness, and who frequently undertook the role of dragon to protect her from both herself and those around her. Virginia Woolf's attitude to him in these matters was not quite consistent; as Prof. Bell puts it "she liked to be (from Leonard's point of view) naughty, and yet she respected his views." Even in the depths of her final depression, she wrote in her last letter: "You have given me the greatest possible happiness. You have been in every way all that anybody could be. I don't think two people could have been happier till this terrible disease came."

The publication of all Virginia Woolf's novels falls within this period of time. Her first novel, "The Voyage Out" was published shortly after her marriage, and Prof. Bell shows us the gradual artistic development towards the great novels of her life, "To the Lighthouse" and "The Waves." Creating a book was for her a cause, not only of artistic, but of physical concentration —a concentration so intense that it often made her physically ill. But writing was her life, her passion, and her poison. She was never completely satisfied without a book to write, but the books, and particularly their publication, caused her tremendous mental pressure.

One of the most striking things in this biography is the wholeness of Virginia Woolf's personality. She was first and foremost an artist, and indeed it is quite impossible to conceive of her in any other role. The energy she drew on in her writing was also at her disposal in life. In her relationships with others (with the exception of Leonard and possibly her sister Vanessa) her attitude was coloured always by the novelist's vision. She was capable of creating monsters and heroes of the most mundane of her acquaintances and this tendency was often at the root of her reputed malice towards some people, and complete shortsightedness towards others. Someone once wrote to her: "Look on it, if you like, as copy — as I believe you do on everything, human relationships included. Oh yes, you like people better through the brain than through the heart . . ."

Like many people who made inordinate demands, Virginia Woolf was capable of giving much. She inspired genuine love and tremendous, if qualified affection. Prof. Bell's exceptionally good judgment and sympathetic intuition is never more evident than in his description of the relationship between Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. He rejects the temptation, which modern biographers would have seized, to capitalise on Virginia Woolf's homosexual tendencies, without denying the existence of such feelings. On the difficult question of the relationship with Vita Sackville-West he writes: "The word 'friendship' has a coy look on this page and I would use the word "affair" if I were perfectly certain of not been misunderstood. But, in fact, I myself know too little . . ." Through the pages of the biography we catch glimpses of Virginia Woolf with her friends and acquaintances: consoling Vanessa and squabling with her; teasing T. S. Eliot about his work in the Bank; carrying on protracted and confused guerrilla warfare with her cook; walking with her dog across the Sussex Downs; in the unlikely position of Secretary to the miniscule Rodmell Labour Party, as she thwarts her nephew's political idealism by insisting on gossiping with the other members about the vicar's wife.

On many occasions her novelist compulsion to play God led her into deep water with her friends and acquaintances when she attempted to shape their lives for them. It seems that her sense of reality was so heightened and transformed that she experienced difficulty in distinguishing the world of fact from the world as she perceived it. This emerges most clearly in her attitude to criticism. She felt particularly vulnerable as far as her novels were concerned because these were so much part of her private world that any criticism of their vision was a confirmation that she was mad and her books were of use to nobody. I think it was this vulnerability about her sanity and her vision which pursued her all her life, and was responsible not alone for the peculiarly haunting quality of the novels, but also for her attitude to other people, and to an extent, for her recurrent breakdowns — almost all of which occurred in writing the closing part of the novels.

Prof. Bell's book is a delight for the common reader — whatever their interest in his subject. He has inherited his aunt's wit and irony, which he combines with formidable scholarship and perceptive intuition. In drawing together the extensive material for this biography he has succeeded in preserving the tenuous equilibrium of the best biographies; at once he puts the trivialities and absurdities in perspective, while in no way losing the sense of pain and gaiety in his subject.

At last the conception of a morbid invalid, one who "couldn't face life," and put an end to it out of hysterical self-piety is shattered. Virginia Woolf was an immensely brave woman who managed to lead a life of exquisite sanity and gaiety in the shadow of madness. She once remarked of D. H. Lawrence: "Mr. Lawrence has his moments, but he has hours of something quite different.' This book reminds us that if Mrs. Woolf had her moments of folly and madness, she had indeed a life which was for the most part "quite different."

Elizabeth Brady, who teaches in T.C.D., is preparing a Ph.D. on the novels of Virginia Woolf.

The Great Imitator

John Boland

COLERIDGE, THE DAMAGED ARCHANGEL. By Norman Fruman. George Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

PROFESSOR FRUMAN has written a study of Coleridge, in which the excitement to be derived from his findings far outweighs the annoyance to be felt at the ponderousness of his prose.

Not being an over-zealous scholar of Coleridgean scholarship (devoting more of my time to books by, rather than about, the man), I cannot easily make detailed comparisons with other critical works, but there is no doubt at all that the author has assembled an astonishing amount of evidence to cause all Coleridge lovers to see the poet/philosopher/critic in an entirely new way. It is as if we have been given a new pair of eyes through which Coleridge can never again look the same.

A review of this length can only offer a faint notion of the importance of this book. Indeed, it would need the 600 pages filled by Fruman (160 of which are notes on the text) to properly convey his viewpoint. No higher compliment could be given: except for his sometimes tortuous prose; which I have referred to and will return to, he does not waffle, he does not sell us down sideRivers.

What are the findings in this book that are so important? The most sensational, and the one that occupies the first section, is that not alone was Coleridge a plagiarist (this has been suggested before), he was also a compulsive liar, offering shameless imitations of other people's work (Wordsworth, Southey, German poets) as his own divinely-inspired efforts—all done while castigating in prose (often plagiaristic itself) the vileness of the dishonest imitator.

Instance after instance on page after page is given of this poetic malpractice. Fruman setting the original side by side with the 'borrowing,' so that the notion of Coleridge's creativity seems to inexorably crumble away as the case against him mounts. Heady stuff, indeed!

Yet, finally, the debunking of a reputation is neither Professor Fruman's intention nor effect: his concern, which is successfully accomplished, is to show us the complexities and contradictions inherent in a towering, if wayward, mind. What he has set out to do, is not to demolish the stature of Coleridge, but to place it in a new and more interesting perspective. In this regard, the chapters on the Coleridge-Wordsworth partnership and what he terms the "annus mirabilis," which determined to change the course of English poetry, are especially illuminating, while the importance of dreams and drugs on the poet's sensibility is scrutinised more common-sensically and less romantically than by many other commentators.

What is offered, then, is an astonishingly complex portrait of an astonishing man. As a result, our reading of the great (and original) poems, such as "Dejection: An Ode," "Frost at Midnight," "Khubla Khan" and the majestic "Biographia Literaria" reveals greater depths and ambiguities than were apparent before.

For this reason, Professor Fruman's turgid prose becomes all the more maddening and frustrating. The book, in the manner of much American academicism, is tough going. A fondness for such quaint terms as 'droplets,' 'riven,' 'vouchsafed" mingles uneasily with the overall heaviness, while a more obsessive fondness for repetition of statement and idea becomes laboured and wearisome. The author obviously loves his subject, but we could be forgiven for not thinking so for much of the book's length. Nonetheless, it is essential that we slog our way through the morass: Professor Fruman has done us a remarkable service in proving that the man as he was holds far more interest than the idol on the untouchable pinnacle.

Abstract Man

Peter Mew

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BERTRAND RUSSELL'S PHILOSOPHY. By Ronald Jager. George Allen and Unwin. £6.30.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, philosopher, moralist, socio-political activist and theorist, is hard to view as a single self. Ronald Jager's book attempts and succeeds in providing a relevant synthesis.

So far as the massive philosophical side of Russell's life is concerned, Jager helps us to see Russell's progression from realism through atomism to neutral monism as an essentially unified movement: the bonding is Russell's ruthless honesty about his own work, his ability to leave behind a former self (often much applauded) when the pursuit of abstract truth demanded it. It could be argued that, for the professional philosopher, Russell's seminal theses get a better airing in the philosophical journals and specialist books, such as Davis Pears's *Bertrand Russell and The British Tradition in Philosophy*, and this must be generally conceded, but what Jager lacks in technical detail and depth he makes up for in pungently written breadth—a student daunted by the prospect of facing up to Russell's enormous and varied output would find here the most helpful orientation yet published.

For those more interested in the non-academic Russell the last two chapters, covering politics, education, ethics and religion, offer a sensitive perspective on Russell the pacifist and preacher of freedom. They will also perhaps be surprised to find that Russell, in spite of his acerbic and obtrusively shallow attack on Christianity in *Why I Am Not A Christian*, was, according to Jager, a man with a deeply empathetic view of the personal religious springs in man. What they will not find is any suspicion of this Russell. Russell writes in *Social Reconstruction*: "But in order to promote life it is necessary to value something other than mere life. Life devoted only to life is animal, without any real human value, incapable of preserving men permanently from weariness and the feeling that all is vanity. If life is to be fully human it must serve some end which seems, in some sense, outside human life, some end which is impersonal and above mankind, such as God or truth or beauty." In these remarks, Jager sees no emptiness, but this is the hollow Russell, the one who rightly inspired D. H. Lawrence's rage, the man who, because he had no rage and little sense of life, could bleat in public places for peace, social benefits and "something outside human life."

Jager does not say, but his book reveals, that Russell's energies were best galvanised by abstract ideas — mathematical logic was ideal terrain for him — and that when he turned his hand to moral, social and political issues he lacked that fully lived, concrete sense of humanity without which discussion of such issues is sapless. It is easy to moralise about tangible objects like bombs tottuously difficult to trace the sinews of a meaningful life without bombs—like so many other scared preachers of our age Russell mouthed words like "peace" without showing any genuine understanding of the fact that the price of peace may sometimes be too high, that talk of peace can only be meaningfully pursued in the context of the deeper discussion of the kind of life in which peace would be tolerable.

Wild Excursions

The life and fiction of Laurence Sterne

DAVID THOMSON

"*David Thomson has to be congratulated on his biography of Laurence Sterne*" Rebecca West, Sunday Telegraph

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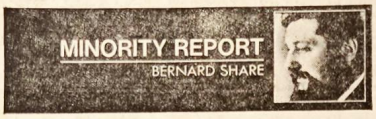


THERE MUST, I suppose, be fashions in alliteration as in everything else. One thinks of Irish alliterative verse and of the ponderous, ploughing Anglo-Saxon epics, the matching pairs of initial plosives clothes-pegging everything firmly to the line, a poetic washing-day :

Maeg ic be me sylfum sothgied wrecan,
Sithas secgan, hu ic geswincdagum
earfothkwile oft throwade,
bitre breostceare gebiden haebbe . . .

(The sense doesn't matter, you can still hear those s's and b's hissing and thumping away). But sophistication, or what passes for it, has made us suspicious of simple devices. I wonder how many poets nowadays know their figures of speech—metonomy, synechdoche, the rest of them that I couldn't even spell, let alone identify—and how many ever consciously use them? The concealing of art now is the art, the poem that looks as if it has just happened rather than been hammered out, the casual pattern of lines on a page. Even Yeats in this context can sound supernally Brahmsian :

. . . Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.

Those f's and b's, far too diatonic. I am not knocking it, either the one thing or the other. This is just the way it looks at a particular point in literary time.

Alliteration, of course, has been prostituted, like so much else, to the great god Turnover, or, shall we say, its mnemonic quality has been exalted at the expense of any other. Guinness is Good for You, and all its clatter of gnomic offspring, has virtually put alliteration beyond the serious poetic pale. The copy-writers are tiring of it, too, however (be it noted), in favour of the pseudo-aphorism and the apparently artless headline. Which may let the poets in again, though somehow I doubt it, just at the moment.

Naked they came, a niggling core of girls
Maggoting gaily in the curling wool
Of morning mist . . .

Thus, W. R. Rodgers, opening his romantic obfuscation of the rape of Europa. I remember the soft, lilting Ulster voice lingering voluptuously on the consonants, rounding the vowels to perfect spheres of sound. It comes, now, off the printed page a little stickily, leaving bits behind it like a badly-peeled stamp. We live in a Bach age, all figured bass and perfect cadences, even in pop. This is diving back into Chopin, or Chaminade, where the tone and texture is all.

Dylan Thomas, so much froth and empty gesture, hastened the devaluation of this particular poetic currency. Rodgers was no Thomas, however. His alliteration mostly worked for its living :

Slow, slow, slow, with bubble-pause and slide
He paced before Europa there, and she
As if with shivering drew her shoulders now
Shyly about her, yet she shivered still.

Too self-consciously sibilant? Yet the verse is engaged in something more than mere exterior decorating. Again :

Light as the last leaf-thin wave that laves
And chins the urchin-shell ashore and leaves
A bib of bubble-lace upon the sand,
So belly-landed, and so light, Europa.

The "wave . . . laves" looks like tired poeticism. But the "leaves" adds its logic and the concept is redeemed by the belly-landing. She is a real girl, this Europa :

Love, like a lick of oil,
That softly clicks the lock and often,
Slid over her then and loosed her backward wards
To one sprung cry—"Zeus!" O the fountain-throw!

The twitching hitch! The quiet!

It is, if you like, the twitching hitch of alliteration that can still assert its poetic legitimacy. There must be something more to it than a relentless build-up of assonance, the predictable plodding of heavy feet. Rodgers certainly over-used it, so that in many of his poems it is difficult to discern the cause behind the effect. But still I prefer his approach, mostly, to the cause-without-effect poem, the thin spurt of words that is left to make its own mark on the page. It is the old, old battle in the modern context, and there are never any winners, only losers. The winners break all the rules and you must painfully try to argue back from their achievement.

Rodgers, even, is at his best breaking his own mould :

Her backward breasts like trumped-up charges rose
And brazened out his coming.

That is probably a disastrous and illegitimate image, but it is rich in at least half-a-dozen Empsonian ambiguities. Too rich, perhaps, for today's taste. But tomorrow is another day.

Too Much More Of The Same

Ted Bonner

SEX AND THE SINGULAR ENGLISH. By Alan Bestic. Cassell. £2.75.

SWEET GOD, IF I have to read much more about sex as an act; about the sexual mores of this tribe, that race, those individuals; about pornography considered as one of the finer coarse arts, I shall go quietly round the twist. I am prepared to excuse, in advance, some future researcher for concluding that the basic act of copulation, and all derivations thereof, was invented only in the second half of the twentieth century before which the race was propagated by parthenogenesis and artificial insemination. There simply has to be something wrong with societies which cannot, seemingly, raise their eyes north of their navels except to regard mammae thus, even then, disproving the rule that when you've seen two you've seen the lot.

Here comes Alan Bestic with his observations on the horizontal English. For openers, he discusses the chastity belt and how a thriving export business has been built up by flogging newly-made models of these to America where, apparently, they use them for all sorts of things except the basic purpose. He considers sex in the High Street; in the school-room; in the home. He discusses wife swapping in the suburbs and rural England and quotes one splendidly-named, but disgusted, witness — Vera Bracegirdle. He expounds on gym-slip mums and shows that more gyms are slipping than ever before. He speaks of strippers; blue cinemas; enthusiastic amateurs; the real professionals and high-priced houses of select repute — in Royal Kensington, no less— one of which has a Madam straight out of "Bitter Sweet," who does not hesitate to send for the police if any of her waiting clients champ too fiercely at the bit.

And, as always, Bestic writes well and entertainingly and with throw-away humour I find most amusing. He reports on all these cavortings and passes no judgments, but what it all adds up to is that the English are not much different, in these respects, from any other race; possibly they did a bit of innovating here and there, but the rest of us are fast catching up. So the book is really no drag (pardon me) to read but, as I have implied above, I seem to have encountered the basic theme somewhere before and quite recently at that — say, yesterday.

I could scarce believe my eyes when I saw the title "The Call Girls" on a book by Arthur Koestler of all people: he who had written, in "Darkness at Noon,' possibly the most memorable and moving exposition of the degeneration of the Russian Revolution; who had written, equally movingly, of the plight of the Jews and who had moved from the sociological to the scientific fields with the same surety of touch, in "The Sleepwalkers". Could it be that, maddened by the fortunes being made in near-pornography by his literary inferiors, he had determined to show them a thing or two—to coin a phrase?

It could not be, nor was it. The call girls of the title are members — male and female — of the academic circuit who are invited to conventions, symposia, cultural congresses and the like throughout the world, there to pontificate on their pet subjects and offer instant, academic, solutions for any problem. This time, a group of them are gathered together in an Alpine village, where they are ostensibly diagnosing the human condition and examining the reason why humanity is seemingly bent on self - destruction. Hopefully, the results of this cerebration will suggest means whereby this Gaderene instict can be excised.

But of course, what happens is that they reveal, in small cross-section, all the mental illnesses, jealousies, pettinessess, venoms and aggressions that have given rise to the global problems they are purporting to solve and if there is any conclusion reached it is that the problems are insoluble unless man himself is changed. So far, so

Alan Bestic

un-novel — but there is much less novel to come. Koestler's people are not so much characters in search of an author as characters escaping from a variety of authors. They include, for example, one Raymond Petitjacques — a sort of French Noel Coward —who proves his Gallicism by such subtleties as injecting *"Mon cher, c'est fini"* or *"L'art pour l'art"* into sentences of faultless English— and one could scarcely be more subtle than that. There is Sir Evelyn Blood, a poet of "falstaffian" (I swear it) proportions, who is also as queer — to use his own highly-literary analogy—as a kipper; there is Harriet Epsom, buxom, tweedy, Agatha Christie-ish and regrettably given to saying "Rot" and sometimes tartly, at that.

This is very far from vintage Koestler — if we except his quite stunning preface — and I think I would prefer the problems rather than the solutions offered by this little lot.

YOU MAY RECALL an article in these pages some eighteen months ago by Monk Gibbon on John Lyle Donaghy. In an otherwise excellent piece, he mentioned that Donaghy had published only two slim editions, *At Dawn above Atherlow* and *Into The Light And Other Poems,* both printed by Elizabeth Yeats at the Cuala Press. That oversight unleased a stream of correspondence informing us that Donaghy had published three, then six and finally the total came to nine volumes of his poems, the last in 1949, *Wild Sun and Moon,* which was never distributed.

Donaghy's son, Kevin, is anxious that someone competent and interested in his father's work should contact him with a view to preparing for publication a selection and eventually a collected edition. Most of the volumes are in T.C.D. and the National Libraries, and, as Monk Gibbon pointed out, he has four pages in the *Oxford Book of Irish Verse,* seven poems in Devlin Gerrity's *New Irish Poets* and one in Padraic Colum's *Anthology of Irish Verse.*

THE *Oxford Book of English Verse* was first published in 1900. The editor, Sir Quiller-Couch, was an admirer of the other classic anthology, *Palgrave's Golden Treasury,* which had appeared forty years beforehand, and, like Palgrave's, the Oxford book was almost exclusively concerned with lyrical poetry, which meant almost entirely excluding Pope, and containing very little of Dryden, Byron and Browning. He revised the edition in 1939, which brought the book up to 1918, but managed to exclude Eliot, an omission which is more than adequately rectified in the *New Oxford Book of English Verse,* to be published on the 26th October. The publishers stress that this is a completely new anthology, edited by Helen Gardner, who includes less than half of Quiller - Couch's choices, though for a decision between two poems, she allowed his preference the casting vote. The collection is drawn from 1250 to 1950, and is a great deal more balanced than the previous book. And the poems are treated with a good deal more respect—Quiller-Couch on his own admission, not only preferred 'the more beautiful to the better attested reading,' but didn't hesitate to make cuts without acknowledgment, 'when sure that excision would improve,' or to print short extracts from larger poems without making it clear that they were incomplete 'when persuaded that they could stand alone as a lyric.' The difference in approach between the two anthologists is perhaps best typified by the respective treatment of Herrick, 20 pages in the former, 9 in the latter, Donne, 7 before, now increased to 19, and Herbert, 5 pages, now 10. Of the moderns, Eliot, who with Yeats, Hopkins and Hardy, are considered by Helen Gardner to be the four greatest poets of the last hundred years, receive the attention which Quiller-Couch accorded Shelley and Keats. Other poets of the 20th century include Roy Fuller, Kathleen Raine, Anne Ridler, Robert Graves (who has a book, *Poems, 1970-'72,* due from Cassells later this month) and W. H. Auden. And, of course, John Betjemen, the new Poet Laureate, who, despite expressing on his appointment last week, a disinterest in or inability to write public poetry, is represented by *Death of King George V.* Incidentally, over the years, the Quiller-Couch book sold some 900,000 copies. The new collection, very reasonably priced at £3.25, should do the same.

THE SECOND EDITION of Michael Kane's *Structure,* described as a magazine of 'art and thought,' is published this week. It includes Robert McDowell on 'Art: A Movement of Life Grown Old,' Paddy Gillan on 'Cultural Liberation,' drawings by Alice Hanratty and architectural designs by Luan P. Cuffe and associates of Dublin for an international competition for a holiday resort in Tangier Bay, which was placed ninth.

I'VE OFTEN felt that there is not enough research in this country on books and book reading habits. The British booksellers, quite sensibly, carry out exhaustive research in this field, but I gather that the Irish market isn't treated as a separate entity, either by British publishers or Irish booksellers. The only statistics available on the Irish market are available from the *Irish Publishing Record,* compiled by the School of Librarianship, U.C.D., on behalf of the Irish Association for Documentation and Information Services. The fact that it is of academic rather than commercial use is evidenced by the appearance this month of only the 1970 edition, published by Irish University Press, at the very stiff price of £2.10 for a paperback. 1,043 titles are listed for 1970, an increase of 51 over the previous year, with social sciences and Government accounting for forty-one new titles, and school text books, due to the implementation of new teaching programmes, almost doubling from 51 to 94 titles. There was, however, a significant decrease in books on literature, and critiesim from 131 to 76, and music and the arts from 65 to 52. Will we have to wait till 1974 to see if that trend continues?

ARTS AND LEISURE

Bronze Casting in Dublin

John Behan

THE AIMS of the Dublin Art Foundry, started in September, 1970, were basically threefold. Firstly, to produce in Ireland art casting comparable to anywhere else. Secondly, to show that Irish craftsmen were capable of extending and adapting themselves to new and emerging situations, technological and otherwise. Thirdly, Irish sculptors were to have a service available to them previously denied. It meant an extension to their activities in terms of scale and technical experiment if so desired. And last, but not least, a speedy and reasonably low-cost casting.

Previously, if one required a piece of bronze sculpture on any scale, one had to go abroad to England or the Continent and join a long queue headed by Henry Moore, Giacommetti, Lipchitz and Marini. Of recent Irish sculptures, Edward Delaney's "Wolfe Tone" was the only one to be cast in Ireland, by Delaney himself, with the aid of other craftsmen. Oisin Kelly's "Children of Lir" was cast in Tomassi, near Florence, whilst Delaney's "Thomas Davis" was cast in Milan. The chances were that you could count yourself lucky if you merely waited years.

There was an amount of art bronze casting produced in Dublin between 1945-65. As far as can be ascertained, however, there was no continuous development; it largely depended on the energy and inspiration of one or two individual sculptors. In other words, a concerted drive viewed in the long-term never developed. The only venture of this nature was initiated by the famous Parlanti of London about 1947 in Finglas. Its failure in that grey post-war period was due to a number of factors: lack of grey particles, suitable quantities of metal, and the absence of skilled labour. So I have been told by his chief assistant, D. Mancini.

My first contact with a sophisticated foundry was when in 1968 I worked at a bronze art foundry in London. There one had the opportunity to witness the work of Moore, Frink, Clatworthy, Ayrton and others being put through the various stages from plaster model to finished bronze. It was an enlightening experience and was to be the basis, operationally, for the Dublin Art Foundry.

Now that Dublin has a professional foundry employing eight people, what of the art of sculpture as it exists? Not very encouraging, if one is to judge by State endowment for the year 1971-72. Total money expended last year through the Arts Council was £68,455 after wages, salaries and overheads. Of this sum, £29,581 went to painting, £777 to architecture and £970 towards sculpture. This sum for sculpture would not cover the casting costs of a single life-size statue. Why is the imbalance so great between painting and sculpture? Surely sculpture, which is a great public art, should receive more attention and patronage. Jacques Lipchitz has said: "For myself, I believe that sculpture is essentially an art for crowds and must be conceived and executed with this in mind. The great sculpture of all times has been an art in which everyone could find something of himself. But if the artist thinks of the people, they must think of the artist. Great art is always the result of such reciprocal identification."

Therefore, the neglect of the past must be remedied in the here and now. Apart from the patriotic statues of Tone, Thomas Davis and the Oisin Kelly "Garden of Remembrance" group, nothing has been given to the people by way of public monuments in recent years. In Roehampton council estate, near London, stands a life-size sculpture of a bull by Robert Clatworthy. We have our own council and corporation schemes all over Ireland with nothing by way of art to relieve the grey monotony of the surroundings, Ballymun, Cuar na Brathair, in Cork, and Tallaght. No concessions to the people. Are there no men of vision in public life in this country at present? Apart from the pragmatic Haughey Tax Relief Scheme for artists, the present administration has failed to implement any policy for the arts to date. Sculpture, more than any other art form, suffers and the public are the losers.

To conclude, it seems to me that Dublin Art Foundry has demonstrated that in one area of the artistic process, the various elements of business, the artist and the craftsman can be married, to the overall benefit of art.

Given the chance, it can provide the answer to those cynics who bleat loudly that nothing ever happens in Ireland without inevitable failure.

John Behan is founder Director of the Dublin Art Foundry.

"Newmarket Dublin

Fergus Bourke And Photography

Fergus Bourke

RECENTLY a person came up to me, with camera in hand, and said: "Mr. Bourke, I bought this camera off a fella the other day. Do you think it is any good? Will it take good pictures?"

First, there is no such thing as a bad camera. There are broken cameras, cameras that squirt water instead of taking a picture, cameras that light your cigarette. But of the picture-taking variety, the most inexpensive, light-weight machinery of today is far more versatile and advanced an instrument than those used in the early days of photography.

But then a camera is nothing more than a tool for recording what the eye sees. One eye is sufficient to see with . . . two eyes is a luxury enabling us to see in three dimensions. It is surprising how few people realize this fact and will only believe it when told to close one eye and notice the difference. And if *God is dead*, he deserves a high place in Heaven for giving us such a wonderful gift.

Seeing is photography! The blind people "see" in a sense. They see impressions. They don't take their vision for granted. They *see* a chord of music, a description of an event, a line of poetry. They are probably better photographers than most of us "seeing" people. We take everything for granted. We are too close to ourselves and yet we cannot see ourselves. We tend to see only what is thrown at us on the television screen . . . in magazine advertisements . . . or the neon signs of city streets and we swallow it all in great gulps. Our ability to return to simplicity seems to be floating further and further away. This goes for our listening too. How many of us today really listen to birdsong?

My initial interest in the excitement of photography came about by observing, as a school-boy, the simple game of handball for hours on end during the course of which I would close my eyes tight and blink them open and shut again, thus "freezing" the images of the players in various situations of "balletic" action. I developed this habit to a high degree and was constantly aware of it. People thought I had some kind of a twitch! I would shape my hands in the form of a rectangle and use this to frame the players. All this, I believe, was a direct result of spending every Saturday and Sunday afternoon glued to my seat in the "Shack", a neat little suburban cinema currently known as the Ritz.

It never occurred to me to become a photographer because I didn't think it had anything to do with photography (which it didn't). And yet it was the purest form of photography. I was quite content to walk the streets as an observer of "*the Dance*," recording the vision on my memory. Much later on in life I bought a secondhand 35m/m Leica camera and began committing my visual recordings on to film negative.

One day in an empty room in an old house in Geraldine Square, Dublin, I found, as if by fate, a copy of the "Decisive Moment", a large book containing the philosophy and many of the greatest photographs of Henri Cartier-Bresson, the great French photo-journalist. On reading it, I discovered that many of his thoughts on the subject coincided with my own. I saw all my own ideas written down in clear precise sentences. It opened up a whole new life for me. In an instant I discovered the magic that was possible. For a long time I saw life as a poem in black and white. I wanted to open my mouth wide and emit fully orchestrated music.

Photography became a continuous discovery. I experienced the excitement of bring to life a picture that existed for its own sake.

Many of the pictures I took had a "*de ja-vu*" quality about them . . . a photograph of a memory of my childhood . . . a portrait of (but for the grace of God) my father.

Then one day somebody spoiled it all by telling me I had a social conscience.

What is the roll of the photographer today? As I see it, in the few places where photography is being taught, there is too much emphasis on the technical aspects. The young are being taught in great detail how to "light" a packet of cigarettes, and then to photograph it in various colours on giant negatives and everyone seems to be losing sight of the great power of photography to explore vast areas of personal experience and to record the ever changing human condition. It may well have something to do with the fact that there are so few outlets. But that should not deter anyone. There is always an outlet for good visual historical documents. The Arts Council have been something less than bending over backwards in their encouragement.

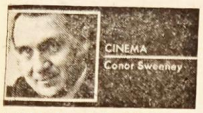
Photography is a very exciting, personal and simple means of self expression, and one of the least technical. In the history of photography the vast majority of the great pictures are simple, direct statements taken by men dedicated to and deeply involved with the world of their fellow men. Their names spring readily to mind, Bill Brandt, Dorothea Lange, Cartier Bresson, André Kertesz, Walker Evans. The underlying theme of their work is simplicity directness, honesty, integrity, documents of everlasting value in a world in which the word "quality" is rapidly disappearing.

The most important and significant documentary work in Ireland today is being done by a handful of very good press photographers recording the fabric of our unique society which happens to be at the threshold of a massive upheaval . . . . whether we like it or not. But their work seems to be swallowed up in the insatiable appetite of the media. The days of our uniqueness (at least in the visual sense) are numbered.

Photography is too vital . . . too precious a gift to be waisted on the well-known clichés for which most people think it was invented, and it is surely the only art for which more than a few of its exponents have not only dedicated but given their lives.

Books

Survival



"YOU'RE INSANE!" he shouted. "They're not creatures you can fight—they're an elemental—an 'act of God.' Ten miles long, two miles wide—ants, nothing but ants! And every single one of them a fiend from hell. Before you can spit three times they'll eat a full-grown buffalo to the bones. I tell you if you don't clear out at once there'll be nothing left of you but a skeleton."

One might be forgiven for mistaking the above for an extract from THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (Curzon), a sci-fi documentary that sets out to prove that the insect world is much better equipped and adapted to survival than the human species. In fact, it is a quote from a novel published sometime in the Forties called "*Leininger Versus the Ants*," about a Brazilian planter who is threatened by an army of ants—it was later made into a low-budgeted film, "*Naked Jungle*." In the 1950s we had large number of science-fiction horror films stemming from the giantisation of normal species of insects, etc., by exposure to radiation — "*Them!*," "*The Black Scorpion*," "*The Deadly Tarantula*," and do you recall "*The Incredible Shrinking Man*" and "*The Fly*"?

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE is far removed from these spinetinglers. This is science-fiction with a difference, a serious treatise on the hypothesis that one day the insect world will inherit the earth after consuming the human race. The human beings tendency to have emotional responses and to live by a moral code that has no relevancy for non-human forms may prove his downfall in the end when faced with armies of ants programmed as if by a computer. Which resembles De Sade's theories as propounded in "*120 Days of Sodom*."

The film was put together by Walon Green over a period of two years and spanning five continents. It presents some amazing evidence through fascinating closeups of the insect world in a remarkable anthology of entomological horror—the giant Queen termite delivering an egg every second, which is hurried to safety by tiny workers; the shimmering death dance of the mayflies; the termites that cultivate mushroom growths underground for food; the terrifying march of armies of driver ants demolishing everything in their path.

All these, caught in colour by special lenses, are so marvellous and compelling that one is all the more angered by the piece of human banality that the producer, David Wolper, has considered as necessary to make his film palatable. We are presented with a prophet of doom in the person of a Dr. Hellstrom, who is obsessed with the idea that man and insect will eventually end up in a death struggle for the earth's remaining resources. This narrator is an obtrusive nuisance, and the documentary reality of the film is almost undermined when he turns out to be not even a genuine scientist, but an actor. This is a pity, since the film raises some important issues. If man is to survive, must he have recourse to the totalitarian regime of the ants, where each life is programmed and subordinated to the greater common good of the species? And, if the price of survival is to turn ourselves into an identity-less society, shall we not then be less than human?

The struggle for survival, man's fight against a hostile environment, and further adventures with marauding ants, gila monsters and lizards, are also at the centre of Nicholas Roeg's new film, WALKABOUT (at the International). Roeg, a lighting cameraman on "*Fahrenheit 451*" and "*Far From the Madding Crowd*," and cameraman/director of that disruptive Mick Jagger film "*Performance*," has turned in a minor masterpiece in WALKABOUT. The film is based on the novel by James Vance Marshall, published in 1959, which has become a children's classic in Australia.

It tells the story of a twelve-year-old girl and her nine-year-old brother who are left stranded in the middle of the Australian desert after an air-crash. The trapping of civilisation which they trail with them, manners, insistence on cleanliness, a radio and some toys are of little use against the hostile environment, but they are saved by the arrival of a young aborigine, who cares for them and brings them to safety. However, Roeg and adaptor Edward Bond have introduced an erotic element that is not in the original. They have capitalised on the choice of Jenny Agutter as the girl, who looks more 18 than 12, by including a nude swimming scene and one of frontal nudity, and by this creating a sexual tension between the girl and the young abo that leads to his tragic suicide.

Instead of an airerash to launch the film, Roeg opens with a series of shots contrasting the tense nervejagging images of the city jungle and its computerised inhabitants with the limitless freedom of the outback wilderness and its denizens obeying the laws of nature. The two children are suddenly thrust into an alien existence, when their father, overwhelmed by the pressures of modern life, abandons them in the desert and kills himself. Roeg has explained his intentions as follows: "When all three children come together they represent the very basis of mankind: man, woman and child existing together in their most primitive state. I wanted to show the very principles of life which somehow get obscured by civilisation under the guise of sophistication."

The message is got across by some magnificent images, and, to a less successful degree, by contrasting scenes with meteorologists and game hunters in the desert with the "ideal" back-to-nature existence of the trio, where Roeg is pressing the civilised/primitive contrast too hard. The unexpected death of the Abo after the girl spurns his mating dance is not explained. Readers may like to know that it stems from the propensity of the Australian aborigine for dying through autosuggestion so that he welcomes the Spirit of Death.

Lynn Redgrave and Dan O'Herlihy in a scene from Robert Hogan's "A Better Place," now playing at the Gate Theatre.

Someone to talk to

ROBERT HOGAN'S play, "*A Better Place*," which is now running at the Gate Theatre, carries a distinguished cast, which includes Lynn Redgrave and Dan O'Herlihy. It will no doubt play to crowded houses mainly because of the Redgrave magic, but to this reviewer at least it was a sad dissapointment, mainly, I say, because of the poor production.

The author sets out with a good dramatic theme and one immensely popular in the U.S. today, for afternoon soap opera and evening-Neil Simon. Successful American literary agent in his 'forties—married — two children — dissatisfied — something lacking in his life. Let's face it — married too young. Has spent his days making filthy lucre out of boring authors. Never has time for wife and children. Result — son on drugs; daughter fled to join hippy commune. Wife spends her time doing her nails and playing bridge in sun-drenched California. This successful man has authors in Dublin, which makes it necessary for him to visit that mysterious dirty little city. There he employs a secretary, an exceptionally beautiful girl with beautiful long legs. She is married but separated from her busand and lives with small invisible son and drunken old father in squalid flat. Agent and secretary fall in love. They go on a week-end to Sligo. He promises to get a divorce so that he can make an honest secretary of her, but out of pity for wife cannot bring himself to do it. She castigates him for being bad lover — orgasms counted on fingers of one hand! Tragic disappointment all round. Secretary goes for counsel to her mother, a county lady in a garden hat, who spends her time "sipping gin with the colonel's wife" at the Golf Club, but Ma is unable to help. As it turns out later, she is planning a life of sin in County Wicklow with another colonel. Meanwhile, Pa is only interested in getting drunk and laying down the law and the poor girl's only comfort is a fella she's been going with who has a strong Northern accent and is given to fits of crying. *His* trouble is Me mammy. Anyway, the literary agent does get a divorce and is ruined handing out ruinous alimony and *does* come back to Dublin and the secretary girl friend and he *do* agree to make a go of it, even with drunken father banging on the door.

The author has set out to make this more trendy by writing it in a series of hot flashes, more suited to cinema or TV. The dialogue also is peppered with asides, but if you're going to use old-time asides, you better go all out and take the audience into your confidence shamelessly. The stage is divided into areas right left and centre. A bar in Dublin, a ranch type in California and a centre for choral gatherings or car rides to Sligo. This calls for well-rehearsed and highly efficient lighting. There must have been a couple of hundred lighting cues in this production and the scenes were so short it was like the Kish lighthouse answering the Poolbeg across the stage. But the Kish and the Poolbeg have to come up on time or rather on cue or result, wreckage. On the first night of this production both lighthouses were slow in coming in on cue and twice missed cues altogether and one scene was played in complete darkness. The characters formed an interesting pastiche of O'Casey, Behan, Johnston and O'Connor. Mr. Hogan also got his classes mixed. The mother was, as I have pointed out, county and would never have married that sordid O'Casey character. The set was uninteresting and the backdrop of Dublin owed everything to Michael Mac Liammoir's backdrop for "The Old Lady Says No."

Lynn Redgrave did a splendid job with the secretary. She is an intelligent, sensitive actress with her own individual style and she redeemed the evening. Arthur O'Sullivan, Dermot Crowley and Rebecca Wilkinson were all excellent. The play had great possibilities and many witty lines, but it didn't get a fair showing. Also the non hero played by Mr. O'Herlihy, was not able for that golden goddess, Miss Redgrave. He was much too nice. Any U.S. literary agents I have known, male or female, would eviscerate their own mothers for the extra ten per cent. My advice would be hand "*A Better Place*" over to Dr. Hugh Leonard, who will make it into a ninety-minute TV special.

The Four in One Players at Project have done a nice efficient job (lunchtime on a one-acter by Michael Judge, "*Someone To Talk To*." It concerns two sad old ladies living alone in, I would guess, Ranelagh. Their brother, on whom they totally depended, has died. To relieve the deadly monotony of their lives they agree to take in a lodger, who turns out to be something they had not bargained for and the ending is grim. Blanaid Irvine carried off the acting honours with Aileen Harte a close second. Liam O'Callaghan did an excellent job on directing. The play itself lacked edge, it erred a little on the whimsy side and the lodger could have been even more sinister, but I enjoyed it and so did a full audience.

The whole vigour and excitement of Elizabethan England springs out of the pages of Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Born in 1625, he knew and talked with the survivors of the Elizabethan Golden era. He died in 1697, a great age for those days. He was the 17th-century Boswell. He was, of course, a jack of all trades and successful in nothing, but he was also a jackdaw for picking up bits and pieces of information. He had a wonderful listening ear and he tried and usually succeeded in writing everything down. John Aubrey, though not one of the giants of his day, brings its heroes down to human scale and succeeded in transforming those marble monuments into flesh and blood.

At the Project evenings, Kevin McHugh presents the old antiquarian Aubrey, as a one-man show based on the same strict script which Dotrice used so successfully in London and New York. It is a fascinating evening and I hope it moves to a larger theatre. McHugh's presentation is not up to Dotrice yet. He needs to project his voice more but its on the way. He was sometimes very hard to hear even from the front row. Also the second part needed pruning, but with time it should blossom into a memorable presentation.

I wish to God they'd throw away their books and let's have a performance with these Royal Shakespeare Theatre's one-night stands, *Hollow Crowns* and the rest. The acting, the presentation, the material is all perfect — why the books? It's not a reading, it's a performance. Unless you're totally illiterate, you don't go to the theatre to be read to—you can do that at home. You expect a performance. The moment Rodway threw away his book and camped up Horace Walpole, everything came alive. Susan Fleetwood was delicious and surpassed Dorothy Tutin. But what happened to Victoria and Albert? We were treated instead to La Morte D'Arthur, which made for a rather droopy finale. Still, we must be grateful for one evening of such elegance.

Sacred and Profane

Terry Kelleher

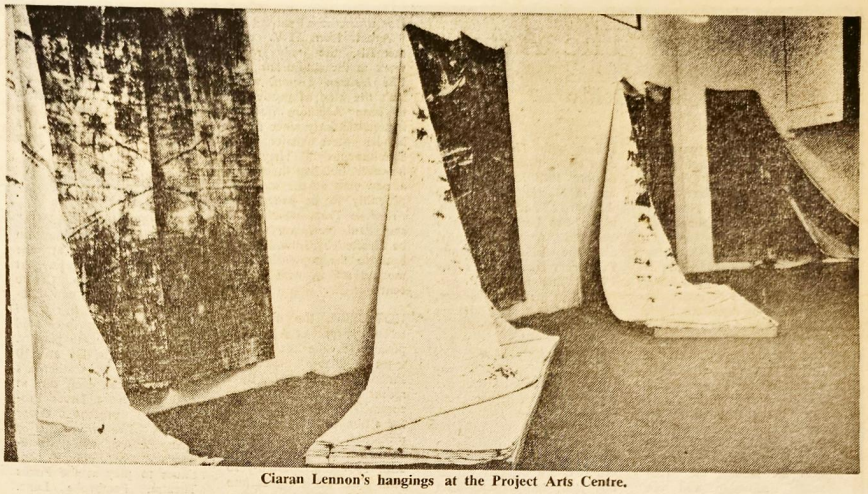
THEY DO make rock albums like they used to, and **ontinious Performance (Polydor 2391 043)**—the title would seem to come from some design artist's deliberate error—by Stone The Crows provides convincing proof. Most of the songs are written by group-members Ronnie Leahy and Leslie Harvey and all vocals are by the incomparable Maggie Bell, recently voted "best female vocalist in the world" by the Melody-Maker Poll, which also chose Cork-born Rory Gallagher "best rock guitarist in the world". Comparisons with the late Janis Joplin just have to be made, after all, the throne is vacant, but personally I have no doubt as to my preference. The tragic Janis Joplin was (marginally) more dramatic in performance but she had to be, her voice was certainly weaker than Maggie Bell's, her control less assured, and though her repertoire was possibly more varied, "Mercedes Benz", for example, as well as "Me and Bobbie McGee", the delivery varied hardly at all.

This new album is a triumph for Maggie Bell, who sings six of the numbers—the seventh is a pleasant instrumental called "King Tut". But though her strong soulful voice dominates it would be wrong to ignore her musicians—because here too she has an advantage over Joplin's "Full Tilt Boogie" line-up. They eschew any tricks or gimmicks, playing strong and simple rock and blues, with Leahy on Piano and Jimmy McCulloch (only present on two tracks) being particularly worthy of note. "On the Highway" and "Sunset Cowboy" are especially good, but the highlight of the album is "Penecillen Blues", one of the most sexually explicit songs I've heard for quite some time, a beautiful bluesy love song that shows Maggie Bell at her earthy best. It alone makes the album an excellent buy.

Stone The Crows produce good primitive rock, the Yes are total opposites, studio-orientated, experimental, searching for a more refined more total concept. Their new album: **Close To The Edge (Atlantic 450012)** might itself be more aptly entitled "continuous Performance", for unlike the offering from Stone The Crows, this is a closely integrated production. The title track by vocalist Jon Anderson and guitarist Steve Howe, who write all the compositions, occupies the whole of the first side, and is divided into four different movements. It would be pointless to quote the lyrics, they are neither memorable nor important as such, it is their arrangement that matters, the sounds of the words, the cross-references between sections and the haunting refrain repeated throughout. The song opens with a slow-building cacophony of zither, bird-sounds and the growing roar of some futuristic machine, which then proceeds to veer between hard-driving rock and almost religious chant. The mystical sacred aspect is enhanced by careful overlaying of tracks producing a choral effect and this is complemented by the use of what sounds like a full cathedral organ. The second side has two songs, "You and I", itself divided into three movements and "Siberian Khatri", the most ambitious of the tracks, a poem in blank verse, large portions of which consist of streams of word-asociations. While neither are as satisfactory as "Close To The Edge", the album is an intelligent, original and very enjoyable accomplishment.

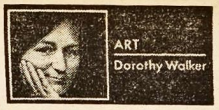
It never ceases to amaze me that a country such as ours which can produce and tolerate the sub-standard, banale, showband sound which accounts for the vast majority of all popular music in Ireland, can also produce some of the most outstanding and most respected pop musicians in the world — Gilbert O'Sullivan, Van Morrison and Rory Gallagher all record-breakers in their respective fields. I have written previously about the first two, and Gallagher's selection as the "best guitarist in the world", prompts me to write about his most recent album, **Live in Europe (Polydor 2383 112).** It's not scarcity of space which forces me to write briefly however, since the album is a great disappointment. Leaving aside my personal bias against "live" recordings, this album just doesn't do his undoubted talents justice. Do not expect to hear the Gallagher (introduced by the compere as Gallager), of the "Taste" days, instead you are offered him, on vocals, mandolin, guitars and harmonica singing a motley collection of his own songs or arrangements, which not only lack opportunity to display his guitar skills, but are totally void of any excitement whatsoever. Poor show, I'm afraid.

Rory Gallagher



Ciaran Lennon's hangings at the Project Arts Centre.

Patrick Scott, Ciaran Lennon and Derrick Greaves



PATRICK SCOTT has always been considered one of the more 'international' painters as distinct from the 'Irish' school of Patrick Collins or Nano Reid. In his exhibition of recent paintings at the Dawson Gallery, however, his work is in fact more truly Celtic in form and feeling than the atmospheric painting of Patrick Collins. His painting is based on the geometric abstraction consistent in Celtic art through the centuries, the preoccupation with the circle, the superb use of gold. The new development, in this exhibition, of interlaced bands of veiled white, increases the Celtic complexity while retaining the stillness and clarity which make the power of the painting.

The stillness of these paintings is extraordinary for, on the surface, they are full of movement — indeed in those paintings where the navy-blue circle glows with a sharp halo of orange, the circles actually spin. The circle is again the dominant element in the paintings, solid circles of colour with a round-cornered square cut out of the centre through which either gold or silverleaf, or sometimes just the background canvas appear. The artist continues to use unprimed natural canvas with the superimposed circles often navy-blue. In the new *Fount* series, the circle is contained in a goblet shape barely shadowed onto the canvas in a faint white, and often complemented by further circle segments at the base of the canvas. Some of the paintings have only the two segments at the base with a central column rising between them, varying to include the goblet shape and omitting the circle.

SINCE all of the paintings employ portions of geometric shapes which would normally finish beyond the limits of the canvas, the eye subconsciously extends the movement of these shapes, such as the arc of a circle, to completition. At the same time, on the canvas itself, the central idea is held by a superbly controlled gravity, so that a powerful tension forms between the movement which has been set up and the gravity of the central idea held on the canvas. (It occurs to me that the reason why Stella surrounds the edges of his *Protractor* paintings with a very definite border, often black, is precisely to contain a similar movement, and that he further stops it by actually cutting the canvas to the shape of the form. This bullying of the natural inclinations of simple geometrical shapes is part of what gives the paintings their strength.)

With the exception of the gold or silverleaf, which are not used extensively in these new paintings, all the surfaces are mat, as flat to the surface as possible, so while the artist can suggest several floating planes one in front of the other (particularly in the large white-banded painting 'Untitled', by the ultra-simple means of folding the band back on itself) he never loses the two-dimensional picture plane, and his mat colours whether white, red or deep purple, carrying the sense of surface unerringly. This is unadulterated painting in a pure classical spirit, more moving, to my mind (and eye), than many more overtly emotional statements.

Painting of a radically different kind can be seen at the Project Arts Centre where the young artist Ciarán Lennon is showing advanced experimental work. It is some time since any really *avant-garde* work has been seen in Dublin and it is very stimulating to have one's responses well jolted. If the function of art is continually to question previous assumptions and previous means of perception, this small showing of six works succeeds very well. The most interesting are the four paintings which are composed of a pile of folded cotton canvas, twenty or thirty yards of it neatly stacked on the floor with the top folds drawn up and pinned to the wall. These top folds have been painted, or rather stained, while the canvas was still folded so that when it is opened out, the paint offsets on both sides, taking in the natural properties of the canvas, like its texture, and random effects, like creases, resulting in a definite aesthetic achievement, particularly in the brown and blue painting where the colours marry happily with the canvas. The artist has been at pains to avoid any illusionistic use of colour and to employ the paint as directly as possible as a material in its own right. While I have seen somewhat similar staining of loose canvas in America and indeed here in Dublin in John Latham's famous piece hanging from the ceiling at the first Rosc, I have never seen this idea of the stacked folds of canvas, which —in an exaggerated sense—has something in common with a Japanese scroll which one wants to unroll. One certainly has an urge to unfold the rest of the canvas in these works, which have tantalising patches of colour appearing now and then on the edge of the folds.

Fairly supine reiteration of previous assumptions is unfortunately all that is to be gleaned from Richard Kingston's first exhibition in nine years, at the new Oriel Gallery in Clare St. Paintings in an Eric Patton/T. P. Flanagan mode of land and seascapes succeed one another, in a grossly overcrowded hanging, without a spark of renewed vision.

It may be unfair to Derrick Greaves, showing at the Hendriks Gallery, St. Stephen's Green, to say that some of his paintings remind me of Patrick Caulfield, since I understand that he was once Patrick Caulfield's teacher, and even more unfair to say that I think Patrick Caulfield's work is better. Derrick Greaves' painting, although he uses modern techniques and even modern idioms, has the air of another age, like a Noel Coward play. The pictures are beautifully painted and finished but the ideas are a shade too easy and the colours a shade too pretty. The Japanese scenes were stronger and so was one large grey painting with a single black insect.

"THE BLINDS IS UP . . ."

Archbishop Ryan's recent visit to "The Silver Tassie" was a symbol of a new wind in the Irish Church. The Catholic Standard is moving with it.

Traditionally, Catholic papers were village-pump gossip-sheets. The Catholic Standard is moving on. Increasingly, it informs its readers of the changes in the Church abroad, questions traditional attitudes of the Church in Ireland, advocates an intelligent and responsible way of leading a Christian life. But neither has it forgotten the village-pump or the difficulties many Catholics find in adapting to the Church of the Seventies. This week, for instance:

- Brendan Halligan writes on the Constitution.
- Sean Cunningham, O.P., answers Garret FitzGerald on the I.R.A. Provisionals.
- Joseph Walsh, M.H.M., writes on "The Heart of the (Missionary) Matter".

Increasingly, people are joining the Catholic Standard columnists: Louis McRedmond, Gabriel Fallon, Aine McEvoy, Patricia McElhone, John Jordan, Charles McCarthy. Find out why. Place an order with your newsagent or contact the **Circulation Manager, Catholic Standard, 11 Talbot Street, Dublin 1**

CATHOLIC STANDARD

EVERY FRIDAY PRICE 5p

News In The Arts

John O'Reilly

THIS TIME last year, the Abbey introduced their playwright bursary and Criostoir O'Floinn was chosen for the first year's £1,500. Now the Arts Council announce the Macaulay Fellowship in Playwriting for 1973, worth £1,000 to the winner. Applicants must have been born in Ireland, and be under the age of 30 by April 6th 1973, which is the closing date, for applications. Though under exceptional circumstances (which are not explained), writers up to the age of 35 will be considered. The only other Macaulay fellowship for drama was awarded to Brian Friel in 1963. A good investment that. Together with the Abbey, the Macaulay Fellowship and the Irish Life Drama Award, it seems that playwrights here never had it so good; pity the same can't be said for the audiences.

IN unpredictable Derry, where there is more than a fair share of drama on the streets, it's good to be able to report that the Derry Theatre Club is sufficiently confident to announce a programme for the next six months. The season begins next week with Donagh McDonagh's comedy, *Step-In-The-Hollow*, running from October 23rd to 28th. They follow with *The Merchant of Venice*, opening on December 19th for one week, and in March there is Hugh Leonard's *The Poker Session*, which has been enjoying a deserved revival recently, and the following month, Friederich Durrenmott's *The Visit*. The plays are performed in the Little Theatre, Orchard Street, and booking is available from the APCK bookshop. Miss Peggy Boyle, Secretary of the club is looking for people interested in working with the group, and can be contacted at 5 Laurence Hill. Tel. Derry 2053.

AFTER THE hullabaloo which followed the purchase of Ardmore Studios earlier this year, things have been rather quieter in those quarters. The new board of John Huston, Bing Crosby and Robert Altman assured the maximum publicity, particularly the latter, since he directed the overrated and pretentious *Images*, the first 'Irish' film to win an award at Cannes. At the Cannes festival it was announced that John Boorman, who has a place up in Wicklow, was to start filming this August, but Boorman, who has just released *Deliverance*, likely to be the most successful film of the year after *The Godfather*, hasn't started yet.

Apart from T.V. commercials, the only recent work at the studio has been *The Hebrew Lesson*, which isn't the kind of production to keep Ardmore flourishing, particularly since it can handle three major films simultaneously. They are, however, building the set for a new film at the moment, probably to be called *The Freedom Trap*, which is to star Paul Newman, and to be directed by John Huston, back to the popularity (and money) stakes, with his recent *Fat City*.

HOWEVER, the most interesting aspect of Ardmore's position is the tax advantages available under the Finance Act of 1967. By a recent ruling of the revenue commissioners, it is possible for a film or television series produced in Ireland to be exempt of company taxation until 1987 (and partially so until 1992, till it comes into line with E.E.C. requirements), and this should result in the larger American studios starting Irish-based production companies to exploit this advantage.

ONE IRISH film which has met with some success is *A Jar With Brendan Behan*, a short documentary directed by the Dublin-based Swedish Boyle, Secretary of the club, Pierre. The film, made last year, had Niall Tobin in his Behan role, and has been shown on Swedish T.V. (and is to be repeated soon), and has attracted interest in a number of East European countries. The producers, however, are still in debt, and to pay off the processing bills hope to arrange a two-week showing of the film in the Project Arts Centre early in the New Year.

REMINDERS

"THE FULL SHILLING," Lee Dunne's new play on alcoholism plays at the Gaiety for two weeks. At the Project Arts Centre **Fergus Linehan's** new one-act play, "*Good Bye Cruel World*," is being presented by the Four-In-One players, beginning each day at 1.10 p.m., and in St. Catherine's Thomas Street, each day at 3.00 p.m, Nora Lever Productions present Oscar Wilde's "*The Importance of Being Earnest*," whilst **Strindberg's** "*The Father*" continues to play at the Focus Theatre, Pembroke Lane. The Edwards/MacLiammoir Season opens on October 25th with Oscar Wilde's "*An Ideal Husband*."

At the Peacock, beginning on October 24th, the **London Contemporary Dance Theatre's** Experimental Group will perform a series of dances each night for one week. This experimental group consists of a director and six dancers (three boys and three girls). The dancers have all studied at the London School of Contemporary Dance, and they will present five to seven different works each night. The names of the dances are *Out Shoulder, Parable Cirrus, Linear Fragments, Intersteller Races, Winter Music* and *Everywhere But Here*.

Beginning on Tuesday, October 31st, also at the Peacock, the **Society of Irish Playwrights** will present four plays for one week. The programme will be "*There's an Octopus in the Gentleman*," by **Michael Judge**; "*And Marlene Never Knew*," **by James Douglas**; "*The Gap of Life*," by **Bryan McMahon**, and "*A Nice State of Affairs*," by **David Hayes.** All these plays will be performed every night.

The Vienna Boys' Choir will perform at the R.D.S. on Sunday, October 22nd, and in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Monday, October 23rd, by arrangement with the Irish Austrian Society. The Wexford Opera Festival in addition to the performances of **Carl Von Webers'** *Oberon* (Oct. 26, 29, 31, Nov. 3rd). **Vincenzo Bellini's** *Il Pirata* (October 27, 30, Nov. 2nd, 5th), **Leos Janacek's** *Kata Kabanova* (October 28th, Nov. 1st and 5th) will have as a fringe event **R. B. D. French's** and **Christopher Fitz-Simon's** satirical revue "*Oh Wexford*" which will be presented each evening during the Festival at White's Hotel. Festival recitals will include **Michele Campanella** (piano) and **The Felson Trio.** In addition a series of lectures with illustrations and recorded extracts, dealing with the three Operas, will take place. From Tuesday, October 31st, to Thursday, November

Bach," a winter series of recitals, will be given by William Watson in St. Ann's, Dawson Street, beginning each day at 1.10 p.m. and ending at 1.30 p.m.

Commencing October 30th in the Gaiety Theatre, the **Glasnevin Musical Society** presents "**The Merry Widow**" with Austin Gaffney, Celine Murphy, Patricia Dolan and Chris Curran. Ricky Price, formerly of Sadlers Wells, is the producer and guest conductor is Terry O'Connor.

The Barrenhill Gallery, Baily, Co. Dublin, will be exhibiting a selection of Michele Wengers' tapestries and wall hangings. **Ciaran Lennon** presents his first one-man exhibition at the Project Arts Centre in South King Street. Recent paintings by Patrick Scott will be on show at the Dawson Gallery until October 25th, and a selection of Batiks by **Bernadette Madden** at the Davis Gallery, Capel Street. At the Graphics Gallery, St. Stephen's Green, an exhibition of **"Puckane Community Crafts"** will be on display.

The Peacock Theatre is currently staging an exhibition of etchings and drawings by **Grainne Dowling.**

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

hibernia

De Valera at 90

Margaret Drabble on Edna O'Brien

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Three Wexford Operas:

Il Pirata, Oberon, Kat e Kabanova

MUSIC

Fanny Feehan

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN regretted by me that nobody so far as I know has as yet seen fit to make a one-act opera out of Bellini's sad little affair with Giuditta Turina. She was his mistress for several years until her husband found a packet of Bellini's love-letters, when he at once flung her out of the house. Bellini behaved like a cad in the whole affair and instead of setting Giuditta up in a respectable love-nest like any normal man, he shrugged and left her to her fate. However, she survived Bellini by thirty years and had Il Pirata dedicated to her. A nice little opera about the love affair would allow Giuditta to take her place in the ranks with Manon, Carmen, Butterfly, Tosca and Violetta.

The coming Wexford Festival will give us a chance of studying at close hand the technique of two masters of operatic technique of the 19th Century, and one who is rapidly coming to be regarded as the most significant name in opera of the twentieth century. *Il Pirata* was the first opera to exploit the derangement of the human mind,

When I reviewed *Il Pirata* in this column last February I recommended the use of earplugs for those who might be hearing it in Wexford. HMV have done a magnificent job of the recording except for Cappaculli, but the very thought of the Sextet at the finale of Act I makes me feel dizzy already.

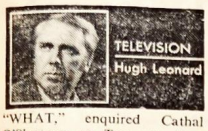
Oberon is a less heavy-handed Germanic opera than *Euryanthe* or *Freischiutz* and it has the glorious advantage of being splendidly orchestrated. Weber, however, wrote a part for Reiza which demands Brunnhilda-like qualities, and we can only wait and see what Mr. Dickie will produce in this respect. Weber had problems with *Oberon* and not least of them was the difficulty of establishing a unifying thread throughout. Of the three operas being produced this year it should be the most difficult. Wexford audiences will be more peaceful than those described by Planché who, according to his account, screamed "cut it short" if any aria ran for more than a few minutes. Presumably also Mr. Dickie will have hired actors who can sing.

Apart from the music, there is one other aspect of Wexford to which I am looking forward and that is to see how the ladies of the chorus will fair in their magnificent heavy worsted skirts made from material so kindly donated by Irish Wools. These will appear in *Kat e Kabanova* and even though the chorus hasn't much to do except a bit of humming, the weight of the skirts and the heat of the stage might cause a few of the ladies to swoon.

The world of open-theatre is a fascinating one, and Janacek in *Kat e Kabanova* has set a tragic story. I haven't heard the opera before, and the only music of Janacek's that I know well are the String Quartet and the Sinfonietta. I would love to see The Makropoulos Case which seems to have a marvellous plot. It was a wonderful idea to have a character of three hundred years old to play around with because of the scope it lends to composer and librettist.

Kat e Kabanova has a good economic plot also even if it is a bit gloomy. I find it hard to associate the music that I know of Janacek with the description of him that Martha Crowther gave me a few weeks ago in Wexford. Mrs. Crowther was a pupil in the Conservatoire in Brno of which Janacek was Director, and she described him as a small, fat, benevolent, white-haired old gentleman. It doesn't go with the ironic pessimism and tension of the plot of *Kat e Kabanova*. In its greyness it will be a strange opera to see in Wexford's hot-house setting. Murder and madness are run of the mill themes but a simple eternal-triangle-suicide job with a mother-in-law interest is something else altogether.

Canned Applause



"WHAT," enquired Cathal O'Shannon on *Tangents*, "has this to do with us?"—"this" being Bill Skinner's film tribute to Ralph Vaughan Williams, and "us" being that personified delusion of grandeur known as the Irish People. Possibly, Mr. O'Shannon was being merely puckish, but the parochialism implicit in his question caused a stab of nausea, reminding one somewhat of a headline in the *Irish Times* a year ago: "Irishman Dies in English Sewer", and suggesting yet again that our hilarious disregard for practical Christianity probably stems from the fact that its founder did not have an Irish granny. Mr. Skinner was not so insane as to suggest in reply that beauty exists for its own sake; but at any rate, and despite its flaws, *An Oxford Elegy* was a welcome respite from parish-pumpery and would not have disgraced *Omnibus* at its most bucolic. One could have wished for more rhythmic editing, and I doubt if the otherwise splendid voice of T. P. McKenna is light enough for verse—just as the English cannot play Synge, so are we inclined to speak Shakespeare's lines with the sonority of a religious maniac intoning a litany. That said, the photography was very fine, and the RTE Singers evoked summer at its British balmiest.

The good news, unfortunately stops right there. *Dana*, a few evenings previously, made me want to kick the cat out of sheer embarrassment. I harbour no antipathy towards the young lady personally; admittedly, she wreaks no havoc among my red corpuscles, or even among their white brethren, but she sings pleasantly, if with a smile which implores us not to throw things, and her girlish good looks are unaffected—her brows may be plucked, but her teeth are as yet uncapped, happily suggesting that a fruitful career lies ahead of her as a trombonist. Certainly, she does not deserve to be swathed in garments which make her look like a sausage wrapped in a cabbage-leaf, or to be obliged to totter down a makeshift ramp with its sides unmasked, or to have to bow to canned applause which was switched on and off like a light-bulb.

The producer, Bill Keating, had much more success with *Spin Off!*, a weird mating of *Top of the Pops* with *Jukebox Jury*. Imitative it may have been, but one could hardly fault it technically. It zipped along, barely giving one time to notice the utter panic on the face of the D.J. when he ran out of patter, or the *gaucherie* of Miss Julie Boyd, whose idea of a dazzling *riposte* was to mutter "I see" and wait for an act of God, or the sheer vacuity of the three panellists (I could have sworn that one of them was Roland Jacquarello which suggests that either I have been sniffing too much glue lately, or he has). Vapid, perhaps, and derivative, but at least it moved.

Two editions of *The Late Late Show* have been and gone. I am disqualified from comment on the first of them, having participated fleetingly —in the unexpected capacity of pest-control officer, as it one was smashingly — turned out — but the second one was smashing. Malcolm that he would rather be a Muggeridge, who once said whore than a Bunny, blanched with horror as ten beauty contestants trudged on like turf-cutters on a soft day and waved their goose-pimples at him. June Levine found the whole business degrading; but, as in the case of the Bunny-girl who rather got up Mary Kenny's charming nostrils the previous week, it was perhaps forgotten that nobody twisted the ladies' arms. Undoubtedly, women are being constantly exploited by male chauvinist pigs, but it takes two to tango.

Earlier, we had Mr. Muggeridge being excruciatingly smug as he referred to mankind as "a pitiful and laughable figure" in such a manner as to imply that he was the exception that proved the rule. Gay Byrne hit upon the ingenious device of smiting him with words of abuse written by Bernard Levin, thereby retaining his own impartiality; but none of it fluttered a feather of Mr. Muggeridge, who remained wrapped in his cloak of personal divinity. Lord Longford, looking as if he had walked across the Irish Sea, later played Holy Ghost to Mr. Muggeridge's God the Father, and a discussion ensued concerning pornography. I have no doubt that Lord Longford is a man of unimpeachable sincerity, and am willing to close my eyes to that face which could have graced a 17th-century courtroom in Salem, Massachusetts, and my ears to that voice which rasps with righteousness; but when he insisted that his report was compiled with any degree of objectivity, I distinctly saw three pictures fall off the wall.

It took a long time for anyanyone to ask whether pornography is harmful in the first place, and when they did so ask, his lordship's assertion that it led to promiscuity went unchallenged; and, in fact, nobody really got around to the point of actually defining pornography. It seemed to me that Lord Longford's committee had barged through the frail dividing line between the public good and the rights of the individual to go to hell in his own way; and to equate pornography with war and anti-semitism was the kind of crazed logic which Hitler would not have despised. The audience kept its cool, but then being near Mr. Muggeridge and Lord Longford must have been like squatting in front of two open refrigerators.

Finally, a word about the best programme of the week. It is called *Ireland;* it is in ten parts, the colour is ravishing, the facts are presented with clear objective excellence, and it may be seen late on Monday evenings. Pitifully, it is presented, not by RTE, but by the dirty English B.B.C. One hopes that the current epidemic of anglophobia will not prevent it from being shown here.

Tom Walsh: The Operatic Doctor

Fanny Feehan

Profile

THE LATE Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty once said in the Irish Senate that apart from De Valera the greatest disaster to hit Ireland was Jem Roche. Roche (a pugilist) has a tablet to his memory in the Bull Ring in Wexford . . . as yet none has been erected to Dr. Tom Walsh, the founder of the International Opera Festival, but I wouldn't be surprised to find that in a manner of speaking one has been ordered.

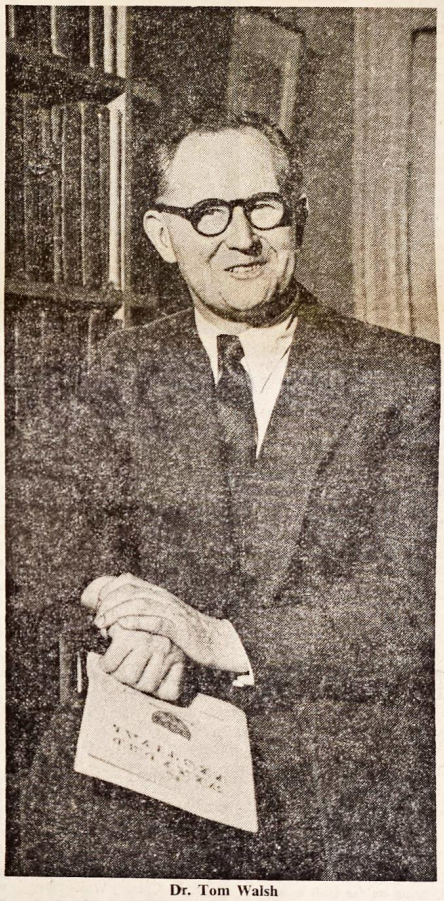
A couple of years ago in Wexford, at an opening night, something went wrong with the theatre curtain and I heard a voice (not a critic) behind me saying: "That would never have happened in Tom's day." In fact, as Dr. Tom will tell you himself, far worse things happened in his day and those who remember him standing quietly in black tie at the door of the circle looking calm and courteous like all the best medical men, might have been surprised if they had heard the inner monologue. The mildest thing he might have been saying was to hope that the damn fool of a tenor didn't fluff his entry in Act II.

I have often asked myself if the Wexford miracle could have happened anywhere else in Ireland. Tommy O'Brien has been giving gramophone recitals in Clonmel since 1941, but the town with the cloud over it has never gone into the operatic festival business. Its greatest claim to fame in the cultural field has been Lady Blessington, O'Brien himself, and Frank Patterson.

Walsh had everything in his favour in Wexford and like Clonmel and Waterford, the town had a tradition of opera enthusiasm. Balfe lived there for a while and in 1951 it also had two far-seeing hoteliers as well as some very interested townspeople, who had a high regard for Walsh as an anaesthetist and were prepared to trust his judgment in other matters as well. Wexford, fortuitously, is also one of the most attractive towns in Ireland after Sligo and Clonmel.

In the early days, Compton Mackenzie and the Arts Council helped, the one with his great prestige and the other with hard cash. (They gave about £500 to the first festival and now give it about £4,000.) Walsh infected Wexford with opera fever and twenty-one years later the microbe is doing nicely, thank you. It takes a remarkable and strong personality to achieve anything in Ireland; if it is of a cultural nature and then he needs the gods on his side. If it is to happen in the provinces a montrous determination is needed to combat the lethargy and intertia.

Walsh has more in common with De Valera than a superficial resemblance. He is in his own way a martinet and a rutheless perfectionist, as many a careless singer, producer or conductor has learnt the hard way. Like De Valera, he is also a one-man band. I doubt if Dr. Walsh could have secured the teamwork which Rickie Shannon and Brian Dickie have in recent years. Another thing in his favour is that he has just as fiery a temperament as any of the prima-donnas he hired, It was this as much as anything else which endeared him to the Press. It would take Freud to disentangle the love-hate relationship between Walsh and journalists.



Dr. Tom Walsh

Nobody ever conducted Press Conferences quite like Tom Walsh. If an altar boy had preceded him into Whites or the Talbot nobody would have been in the least surprised. Like all the best love affairs, this one was comical, exciting and dangerous . . . for the Press. I know journalists who didn't give a damn if an opera ever went on in the Theatre Royal as long as Walsh held a conference. They ran like well-oiled bull-fights, but without unseemly blood-letting, and were described to me modestly by the principal protagonist as having "cut and thrust." There are those already sharpening the whet-stones in anticipation of "Opera in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century."

Dr. Walsh's attitude to his singers varied from that of a mother-hen to a cranky St. Bernard. As is well-known, singers only have to get on a bus in order to acquire in seconds the most extravagant and unusual diseases in the throat and sinus. Vocal chords are highly sensitive to changes of climate, and like that other operatic doctor in London, Alfred Alexander, Walsh's principal anxiety was to keep his expensive charges in good singing fettle. For this purpose, he kept a most glamorous array of pills and potions at the ready. Certain sopranos couldn't open their mouths unless a pink pill had been administered first. Tenors were given white elongated tablets, and basses a good metaphorical kick where it did the most good.

The martinet streak came into evidence when after the first three or four festivals Walsh cracked down on the after-opera singing in pubs in which his "darlings" took part. This prohibition caused a furore and *The Irish Times* Letter columns were filled for weeks. (How things have deteriorated, nothing but abortifacients nowadays). The Doctor, however, was unmoved by the hullabaloo and quite right too, as no tonsils, least of all sensitive singing tonsils, could stand up to the fog of a Wexford pub as Messrs. Arthur Guinness well know.

The names that Walsh brought to Wexford read like a musicians' Debrett—Franco Ventriglia, Plinio Clabassi, Mirella Fren, Margherita Rinaldi, Heather Harpur, Janet Baker, Bernadette Greevy, Veronica Dunne, Nicola Monti and Miroslav Cangalobic. This last gave a superlative performance in Don Quichotte. A whole book could be written about that production because it was beset with excursions and alarms ending in a walk-out by the producer and leaving Dr. Walsh and Albert Rosen to produce it between them. It is not before time that Albert Rosen has been invited back to Wexford to conduct in Kat e Kabanova. If it is a quarter as good as Don Quichotte it will be memorable.

Walsh infuriated many people, but I don't think there is an artistic director anywhere in the world worth a damn who does not do so. If they didn't have that extra amount of arrogance they couldn't get on with the job any more than a nice, easy-going man can get the best out of an orchestra. Walsh fought many battles, and his most successful was in preventing this marvellous festival from being run as a souped-up Fleadh Ceoil. A lesser man would have been swamped by those who can never see beyond the end of their immediate bank overdraft. Wexford Festival has been established long enough now for its organisers to be able to draw breath and survey their success. They cannot do so without first offering thanks and good wishes for his book to Dr. Walsh.

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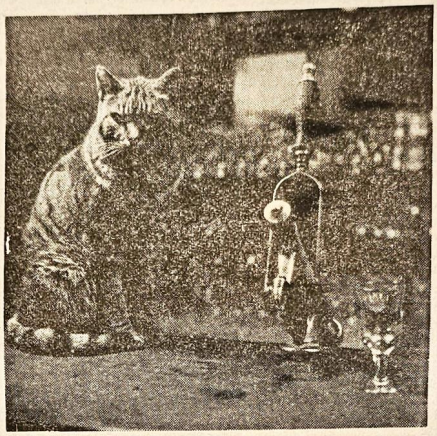
The Next Best Thing to Culture?

GOOD LIVING DRINK

Arthur Jameson

FOR AN INSTITUTION that is so central to the life of the city, the Dublin pub figures remarkably modestly in the literature of the race. First, of course, you must distinguish between "literary pubs" and pubs mentioned in literature, and in each category some obvious examples leap to the mind. The resorts of the would-be poets and might-be Provisionals, tend, however, to be of absorbing interest only to the shadowy members of these shadowy groups, whilst the Joycean shuffle between Davy Byrne's and the Bailey is rapidly losing whatever relevance it might have had. The trouble about pubs is that they are not fixed points (a fact often observable towards the end of the evening) but depend for their character and reputation on the personalities of the boss and his acolytes on the other side of the counter. Nothing indicates this more positively than a change of hands. Visit a familiar house under new ownership and you are made aware that, though perhaps structurally unchanged, there is something in the atmosphere, in the service, in the clientele, that is just not quite right. Because a pub is still, for the moment at any rate, a very personalised medium between a man and his drink. We don't count, of course, those suburban filling stations that have no plausible reason for existence other than to activate cash registers.

Do you recall the days some time A.D. (Ante Drew) when stern "No Singing" notices stared at you from every self-respecting pub wall? If you had started drinking in the late 'forties or early 'fifties you might have assumed that this was some immutable edict, incorporated perhaps in The Licensing Amendment Act, 1836 (6 & 7 Wm. IV., c. 38). It comes of something of a surprise to find Thackeray recording in his "Irish Sketch Book" (1834) ". . . in passing homeward of a night you hear, at the humble public-houses, the sound of many a fiddle, and the stamp of feet dancing the good old jig, which is still maintaining a struggle with Teetotalism and, though vanquished now, may rally some day and overcome the enemy." The enemy, though winning several battles, finally lost the fight, for singing and music was, and is, a fundamental part of Dublin pub culture. James Collins, in his book, "Life in Old Dublin," refers to the "singing halls" in Benburb Street, which apparently shared that once - busy thoroughfare with several



Mulligan's Cat. An illustration from "Dublin : A Portrait," by V. S. Pritchett and Evelyn Hofer, published by Bodley Head.

"free and easies" and "well-appointed hotels and taverns." One wonders at the significance of that "well-appointed." Much of the difficulty, indeed, in unearthing authentic accounts of Dublin pub-life of old stems from the fact that taverns, well-appointed or otherwise, were not normally considered to be suitable refuges for gentlemen, writers or otherwise. Note how Thackeray merely observed his pub life "in passing homeward." We had to wait until this century for the thorough democratisation of the pub (though there are a few uppish places in the city still apparently living in the past in this respect)—and by that time the NO SINGING notices had gone up.

Conspiratorial Pubs? The United Irishmen used to meet in a pub called the "Struggler" in Cook Street, which also boasted "The Sign of the Harp," "Old Robin Hood," "The Sun," "Baggot's Tavern," "The Ship Tavern" and "The New Struggler" (no connection, apparently, with any establishment of similar name). Modern pub conspiracies, with the notable exception of those revealed by Miss Maria Maguire, tend to be commercial rather than anarchial, and most of these you just can't help overhearing. Bord Fáilte should publish a list of premises where innocent visitors are liable to have the pants bored off them by bevies of junior and middle-weight tycoons who have failed to observe that the whistle has blown and that the offices has closed for the night. This pernicious habit of talking business whilst on licensed premises has been inherited from America along with the piped music, the television and other devices aligned against what we like to think of as traditional pub conversation and culture.

Are we codding ourselves, though, about the culture? Most "literary" pubs, as you will discover if you plod round on the heels of Hayden Murphy, consist of small mutual admiration societies castigating other small mutual admiration societies—fun for the insider, but not really what you would call culture. Yet, in its broader sense there exists a Dublin pub culture which has nothing whatever to do with those ersatz establishments, where people go to see and be seen. You will find it in small places in Francis Street, in the less fashionable spots in the city centre, in some of the suburbs which can still boast something of a village ambience. It may consist of a few men who meet regularly to exchange limericks, a knowledgable group of horse-fanciers, even a bunch of Old Steam Men or other unaccountable addicts. They'll talk to you if you're really interested—if not, they'll treat you with the suspicion you deserve and close up until you've drained your glass and departed. They are characterised by their regularity, their independence, and their utter oblivion to their surroundings. Dublin pubs, after all, are for the most part sleezy, dirty, architecturally uninteresting and with few physical characteristics. Yet they are infested daily by solid citizens, who are quite patently not just here for the beer. If that's not culture, it's the next best thing to it.

Wine Production in the Common Market

Patrick McDonnell

THE E.E.C. wine producing countries will be drinking more wine than they can produce in three years' time. This situation is already becoming clear from the rapidly increasing prices of all the major exporting countries. French bottled wine prices are to go up by 5% in the near future while producers say that higher costs and world demand for quality wines will force prices up further beyond all expectations.

The demand for Burgundy will increase its sales by 30% in the new year but unfortunately not at static prices. What is the reason for the increase in prices? The demand, the weakening pound, and the unrealistic prices paid by the Americans.

Many Irish importers have already notified retailers of new prices which will come into force before Christmas. Will this affect the increasing sales of table wines in this country or will our tastes have to drift from our usual Pommard or Volmay to the ranges of new wines that are now appearing on the Irish market.

The surface area of the vineyards of France, Germany, Spain and Portugal are very small when related to the enormous world demand. Under E.E.C. draft regulations the famous wines of these countries cannot legally be produced in greater quantities. The big wine houses are determined to find a solution to this problem and they have now many vineyards producing fine but unknown wines. Travelling without an Appellation Controtee Certificate, these wines can be promoted with the utmost confidence and at a much lower price than the famous names.

The house of Lebegue, the French specialists, have launched a range of French country wines and single Vine Wines. These shippers, well-known for over a hundred years, have unearthed five individual wines and imported them for the first time to this country. Representing excellent value for money, these distinctive Country Wines carry the guarantee and recommendation of the famous house of Lebegue.

Carcassonne: A soft, full-bodied red wine produced in the department of Aude in southern France.

Murviel: A dry, full-bodied rose, produced in the department of Hérault in southern France.

Montrichard: A medium sweet rose, produced in the department of Loir-et-Cher in central France.

Beaucaire: A dry, full-bodied white wine, produced in the department of Gard in southern France.

Pujols: A sweet, rich white wine, produced in the department of Gironde in south-western France. The two single Vine wines, the Le Grenache and the Le Sauvignon, both bottled in France, must surely appear on all prestigious wine lists in the very near future.

The E.E.C. draft Council Regulations which lay down general rules for the description and presentation of wines will be enforced in this country as soon as we have joined Europe. Not only does the draft make distinction between "description" and "presentation" of the wines and musts, but also proposes different rules for the description of products originating within the Community and that of imported products. Descriptions of wines would apply to labels, turnover records, order sheets, delivery slips and all other invoices, documents and publicity. Stricter rules would be applicable to vintage dates and there is to be a clear differential when describing wines as "table wines" and "quality wines" produced in specific regions.

Apart from France, how have the other countries reacted? Germany introduced the new wine laws some months ago. Under these laws some of the old familiar names such as Liebfraumilch will disappear and new names will make their appearance as the whole complex situation of the German Wine Label is simplified. The best known names of the great estates will survive this wind of change. "German Wine Law is concerned with the introduction of Quality Groups, namely (1) Table Wines, (2) Quality Wines and (3) Quality Wines with a predicate label.

Labels, wine lists and offers must in future show a group for the wine. All wines in the Quality Groups are subject to strict control and examination by tasting and chemical analysis. If the contents of the Quality Wine do not come up to the standard required, then the wine can only be sold as a Table Wine. Should the wine fulfil the conditions, then the label will show the control number under which the quality was awarded.

The very cheap image for Spanish Table Wines will slowly disappear. The present drive for better standards in viticulture and wine-making in Spain therefore makes sound sense and there is no doubt that the big future for Spain is in table wines, perhaps bottled at source and produced in large quantities so as to remain highly competitive in price.

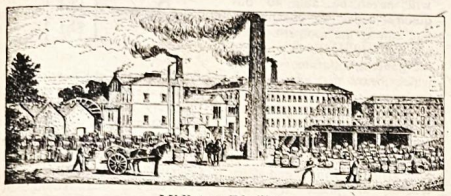
The Italians have not stood idly by and their vineyards have come under a stricter wine regulation. The control wines must register with the Chamber of Commerce of each particular area and they are allocated a number, which must appear on their label. This control will make many Italian vintages as strong as Barolo, by far their best wine in the battle to satisfy the world demand.

To sum up the situation, one can say that the famous old clarets of Bordeaux, the Beaunes of Burgundy, the Sancerres of the Loire, the will rise astronomically in Gewurztraminers of Alsace price, but that should not deter us from enjoying the vinous wonders that will be available with other new ranges. In fact, we could be getting a better quality wine under a £1.00 than we are purchasing at the moment. Just because the Mercedes and the Lafite Rothschild have gone from our grasp, it will not rob us of the pleasure of driving in our Mini or drinking copious quantities of Vins de Pays.

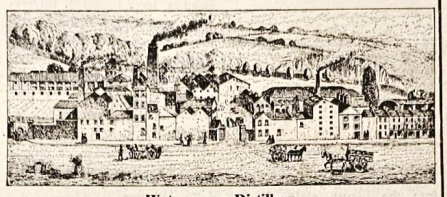
Patrick McDonnel is Director of the European Wine Agency

A Tale of Usquebagh and Poteen

E. B. McGuire



Midleton Distillery



Watercourse Distillery

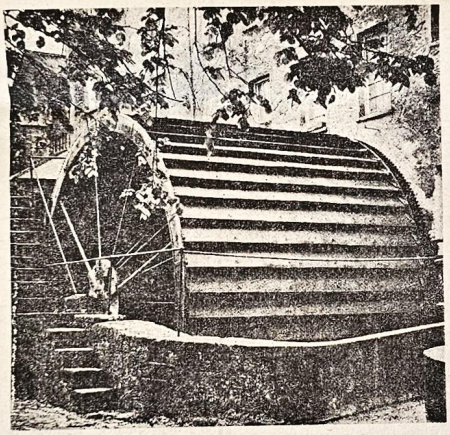
WHISKEY DISTILLING in Ireland has a long and turbulent history. The industry has been harassed by governments, penal taxation, severe controls over manufacture and marketing, and fanatical attacks from reformers. An opinion of a nineteenth century writer was that the laws were such that "The Irish should be the most sober nation on earth." Today the duty is around £1.75 a bottle, and many of the restrictions remain but do not press too heavily. It would be hard to find any other industry where normal development is so handicapped, but the revenue is badly needed and governments must avoid killing a goose laying such golden eggs.

Rough Beginnings

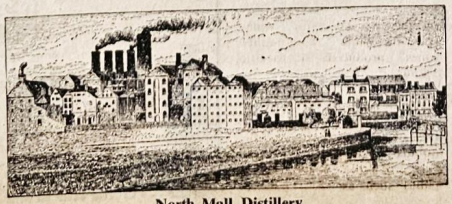
Distilling came to this country about the fourteenth century, perhaps earlier, probably through travelling monks. Though the apparatus was crude, the product nauseous and medicinal, a century later it was fast becoming a common beverage, and English rulers complained that usquebagh or aqua vitae "set the Irishry a madinage." By the seventeenth century distilling was a domestic chore in the larger households and innkeepers distilled the spirit they sold. Specialised distillers emerged about this time, all on a small scale, but it was not till late in the eighteenth century that any distillers of substance came on the scene, mainly in Dublin. James Power, for example, was an innkeeper and distiller in Dublin in 1796. George Roe was distilling some years earlier. Absurd distillery laws between 1780 and 1823 caused drastic changes and the number of distillers fell from 1,228 to 40. Among those surviving this massacre were the three distilling firms, Jamesons, Powers and Cork Distilleries, who merged in 1966 to form the United Distillers of Ireland, now trading as Irish Distillers Limited. In the last three decades Irish whiskey has prospered, the distillers have expanded their activities to include other beverages, and they are rapidly recovering in home and overseas markets the prominence held by Irish distillers in the early years of this century. The present company are soon to concentrate all production in a large distillery complex being erected in Midleton, Co. Cork. In the North, Bushmills whiskey, with its very long history, is also flourishing. Irish distillers are now marketing a variety of brands of the highest quality and are well able to compete with Scotch or any other spirit drinks.

Poteen

From time to time poteen pops up in the news. At present it is no threat to distillers and only a nuisance value to the authorities, but this was not always so. There has probably been illicit distilling ever since the first organised tax of 4d. a gallon was imposed in 1661. In those distant days the line between legal and illegal distilling was very blurred indeed. It became more distinct in the eighteenth century, but even then it was perfectly legal for persons to use a 12-gallon still to make duty-free spirit for household use. Furthermore, so much whiskey evaded duty in legal distilleries that poteen encountered severe competition. The disastrous distillery laws from 1780 onwards completely changed the position. Large numbers of distillers ceased producing legally, moved their small stills to quiet places outside towns, and continued to serve their local market with good malt whiskey. In the Strabane excise district, for example, there were 74 legal stills in 1782, but none by 1796 — and we may be sure that the inhabitants had not become teetotallers! The government reaction was severe laws and the formation of a revenue police force. This force was armed, accoutred and trained on the lines of light infantry, and their sole job was still-hunting, especially in the mountains and bogland. Particularly vicious laws imposed heavy fines on any townland or parish where an illicit still or materials were found, thus attempting to force the inhabitants to become unpaid excisemen. Informers were encouraged by rewards, which often resulted in worn out stills or parts being planted for future discovery, and violence became inevitable. Military camps were set up in notorious areas such as Innishowen to provide protection to excisemen who frequently worked under threat of murder or abduction. One of them was actually abducted when staying in an army camp.



This water-wheel at Midleton Distillery dates from 1852, and is still used to power some of the machinery in the building. An illustration from E. B. McGuire's forthcoming book "A History of Distilling : the Spirit Trade and Excise Controls in Ireland."



North Mall Distillery

Illicit Endings

After 1823 more sensible distillery laws enabled legal distillers to instal better and much larger stills, and greatly improve the quality of their whiskey, while production costs fell and heralded the end of wholesale illicit distilling. No longer was poteen sold openly in the streets like bread. Even the shebeens switched over to the better quality whiskey now at a competitive price. By the middle of the nineteenth century illicit distilling had been driven into remote areas, the practitioners being mainly tinkers or smallholders of inferior land, and their customers local peasants, too poor to buy legal whiskey. For them it was poteen straight off a primitive still or nothing. Today the discovery of an illicit still is news, a far cry from the time when still seizures approached a thousand or more yearly. Also, the modern poteen is rarely distilled wholly from cereals, it is usually a concoction derived from treacle or potatoes. It has a harsh taste, a strong kick and a smell of fuel oil. Its only merit is that it is cheap and attracts gullible tourists. It is a better and safer drink than methylated spirits.

E. B. McGuire is the author of the first comprehensive history of Irish distilling, to be published by Gill and Macmillan early next year.

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Hermitage a/c '70	1.30	Ch. Lynch Bages '61	4.40
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GOOD LIVING DRINK

In Search of Wine

Irwin Stewart

THIS IS a very special Christmas season for the wine buyer. Next year we will be members of the E.E.C. and many things will be different. Many names familiar to wine buyers will probably have disappeared, hitherto unknown names will be making their appearance on the shelves and, most important of all, there will be some form of price revision.

On the surface, it would seem that in wine at least E.E.C. should bring us some benefits. After all, as part of the community, will we not be dismembering all those duties and tariffs which account for much of the high price we pay for wines? This is only part of the picture. Existing taxes will, in fact, be phased out but a new one, V.A.T., will probably ensure that the exchequer collects as much as before, although it is likely that it will weigh more heavily on expensive wines than on *vin ordinaire*, which is certainly more reasonable than the present system of taxation by volume regardless of quality.

However, most of the cheap wine consumed here comes from outside the E.E.C. and is liable to be more expensive on account of the E.E.C. tariffs, which we will have to impose. It looks, therefore, as if wines from Spain, Portugal, Algeria, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia will suffer and may well be replaced by larger supplies of *vin ordainaire* from Italy. This may be ultimately to our advantage as Italian wine is strictly controlled as to quality and still plentiful enough to be reasonably priced. In fact it is grossly underestimated in Ireland.

Vintage wines are likely to be more expensive under E.E.C. conditions as they will be subject to strict quality controls, so they should also be more reliable. This at least is the theory. We can only wait and see.

All in all, it is not E.E.C. which is going to put what are still moderately priced wines into the luxury class. It is the simple law of supply and demand. Owing to the nature of the wine industry in general and of the production of quality wines in particular, supplies just cannot be stepped up to meet the increasing demand. In recent years purchases of Bordeaux and, to a slightly lesser extent Burgundies, have rocketed. Buyers from the United States, Germany, Sweden and even Japan compete with each other for the limited supplies available, sometimes buying before the wine has even been made. It is not surprising that some wines have doubled in price from one vintage to the next only to double yet again the following year.

The conclusion is quite clear. It is now more important than ever to seek out lesser known wines like some of the *crus bourgeois* from Bordeaux, where the price reflects their quality rather than the prestige of their label. Of course in the first instance it is the wine merchant who must seek them out for his customers, which is why it is so essential to buy your better wines from a reputable and experienced wine merchant such as those recommended below.

Whatever you may think of wine prices at the moment, it is safe to predict that you will never be able to buy quality wines as cheaply as you can at the moment. They are quite likely to soar above the general inflationary spiral, which means that anyone with the ready capital and facilities to do so should invest in wine as soon as possible. If you are a regular wine drinker you will almost certainly not stop drinking wine when it increases in price, nor will you want to switch to a cheap brand, so any investment now will bring a high rate of return.

However, buying wine for laying down is not just a matter of ordering a few dozen cases of your favourite wines and storing them away in a cool cellar. It is not every wine, nor ever every high-quality wine, which will improve or even just last over a period of years. In fact, many of the wines which would be best for this purpose are wines which a discerning

drinker would not particularly want to drink at the present moment. It is the job of your local wine merchant to advise you on the ageing qualities of the wines he sells.

The supermarket has certainly brought wine into many homes where it never featured before. It is not the ideal place to buy wine for a number of reasons, but some supermarkets such as Quinnsworth (particularly that in Stillorgan Shopping Centre) or Superquinn's (Sutton is good, Finglas almost useless) make an effort to offer interesting wines and are well worth watching, particularly if you are very price conscious.

As far as the cheaper branded wines are concerned you are probably much better to buy them in a supermarket, which is in a much better position to offer bargain prices than a specialist wine merchant, who does only a small volume of business in these lines.

Experience and reputation are more important qualities in a wine merchant than in most other firms and there is no more experienced and reputable firm in the business than **Smyths of the Green,** which incorporates the well-known name of **Thompson D'Olier & Co.,** established in 1798.

Smyths of the Green is sometimes accused of being expensive, but as far as wines are concerned, I have not found this to be true. True, they have **Chateau Lafit** 1961 at £30 per bottle. But then, there is probably not another merchant in the country who has it at any price.

Some fine wines from **Ch. Bouscaut**—just south of Bordeaux on the NP 113 to Longon—will be available in time for the Christmas trade from Smyths, who now have the exclusive agency for these wines here. The 1962 vintage at £2.20 seems a very good buy to me, but they also have 1959 at £3.40, 1967 at £2.20 and 1969 at £2.30.

A comprehensive range of French wines, all *appellation contrôlée*, is being offered in time for the Christmas trade under the label of Thompson D'Olier. It includes four wines from Bordeaux, a **Medoc** and a **St. Emilion** at just over £1 per bottle, a **Sauternes** a few pence dearer and a **Graves** which is priced well under £1. There is a 1969 **Châteauneuf du Pape** at £1.12 and the Burgundies include **Beaune, Nuits St. Georges** and **Gevrey Cham-**

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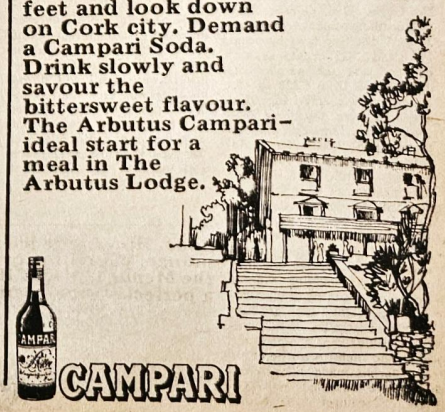


GOOD LIVING DRINK

bertin, all 1969 (a very good year for Burgundy) and all selling at around £1.60. In the white Burgundies there will be 1970 **Chablis** and **Pouilly Fuissé** at £1.17 and £1.19 respectively.

Also worth mentioning at Smyths is their vintage reserve Port at £1.63 and, of course, they have a whole range of quality vintage wines for those willing to play £2 or more for something particularly good. For everyday drinking litre carafes of French wine are offered at 87p.

It is only a few minutes' stroll from Smyth's down to the **Italian Wine Shop** at the side of the well-loved Unicorn restaurant. Mr. Sidoli, who imports directly from Italy, spends a considerable time there each year visiting his suppliers and consequently he knows his selection of wines intimately. He is the obvious friendly wine merchant for anyone wishing to get acquainted with the very high quality and good value available in Italian wines. Strangely enough, Chianti, the best known Italian wine, is not in Mr. Sidoli's range, but he has many other good things, all representing excellent value.

The best buy of all is for everyday drinking, the carafe wine which is still, in my

opinion, the best carafe in Dublin, just as it was when I first recommended it in this column several years ago The two-litre bottle of red **(Valpolicella)** or white **(Soave)** costs only £1.80, which is good value considering that it contains nearly three bottles. It keeps relatively well once opened, but it is always worth going to the trouble of keeping the unused wine in smaller air-tight containers.

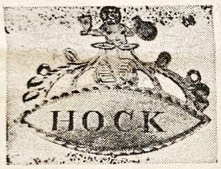
The better white wines at the Italian Wine Shop cost very little more—**Castel La Volta** (Cortese) at £1.16, **Pinot Cavalli** (which is very dry) at £1.10 and **Soave** (Castagna) at £1.05. In the reds there is the dark, slightly astringent **Barbera** at £1.16 or the light, smooth, slightly almondy **Bardolino,** which looks almost like a very dark rosé. At £1.05 it is bargain, and the very similar **Chiaretto** costs the same. The most distinctive of Italian wines, the rich, scented and fruity **Barolo,** made just across the Tanaro not far south of Turin, is stronger in alcohol than most and strongly recommended to those who like a full-bodied wine. It sells here at £1.75 to £1.90, according to vintage.

In many parts of Italy some wine is made by drying grapes in the sun or sometimes indoors. The result is a very special wine, sometimes sparkling, like **Recioto,** which is also rather sweet, or still and dry like **Amarone.** Both are available from Mr. Sidoli at £1.80 and £1.85 respectively. Connisseurs of slightly sweet wines should try **Lambrusco** at £1.05.

For range of wines and competitive pricing **McGowan's of Blackrock** is certainly the place to go. This remarkable wine store has gone from strength to strength in recent years. This is not surprising. McGowan's are deeply interested in what they are selling, are always willing to discuss their wines with customers and frequently visit the vineyards they buy from. They are one of the few firms still printing a comprehensive wine list and there are very few wines in this vast inventory which are not also to be found on the shelves.

In the cheaper range there is much to choose from between 50p and 80p per bottle in both white and red Bordeaux, and a number of French bottlings still under the £1. Recommended white Bordeaux would be **Ch. Pontac Monplaisir** at £1.10. This is a 1964 vintage.

In Clarets I noticed particularly **Ch. Branaire Ducru,** a



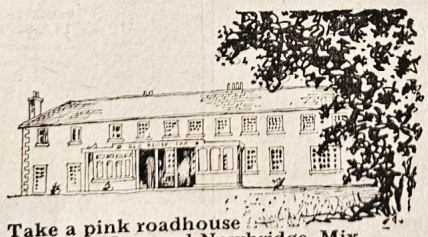
little-known wine, which is worth getting to know as it is still priced according to quality rather than fashion. The 1962 vintage costs £2.10. **Ch. Clos Beauséjour** is quite a respectable wine costing £1.35 for the 1967 vintage or £1.95 for the 1964. There are a number of 1961's still available, such as **Ch. Citran** at £1.85, **Ch. Talbot** at £2.65 and **Ch. Montrose** at £2.65. In the 1967's **Ch. Mouton Baron Philipe de Rothschild** costs £1.55, **Ch. Lynch Bages** £2.45 and there is an honest French bottled **Bordeaux Supérieur** at 90p. Other French bottled bargains include a Saint Emilion **Vieux**

Ch. Negrit at £1.25 and a Margaux, **Ch. Prieure Lichine** at £1.75, both 1969 vintage, **Ch. La Cardonne** at £1.45 and **Ch. Trimoulet** at £1.45, all 1967 vintage.

In the red Burgundies, for a bargain I would select the 1969 **Bourgogne Passetoutgrains** at £1.20, **Cote de Beaune Villages** 1969 at £1.30, **Nuits Saint Georges Clos des Forêts** 1967 at £1.75, **Chambolles Musigny** 1966 at £1.95 and **Bonnes Mares** 1962 at £2.20. These are all shipped by Jules Belin. The 1967 **Mercury Tastevin** is also an interesting buy at £1.40.

The best value in French white wines comes from Alsace and the whole range of Alsace wines is available at McGowan's at prices ranging from 75p for **Sylvaner** to £1.10 for **Special Reserve Gewurztraminer,** all non-vintage and all from the firm of Kugler. Vintage wines cost about 20p per bottle more. I would recommend either the **Riesling** or **Traminer** or the more scented, rooty tasting **Gewurztraminer.** These are amongst the most reliable white wines on the market. They are best when young, but you are unlikely to get a bad one from good shippers like Kugler or Hugel.

McGowan's are particularly strong in German wines. Many people find German wines a little off-putting, perhaps because we don't think so readily of Germany as a wine producing country. Yet they should be explored as they represent very good value today. Get away from broad, generic wines like **Liebfraumilch** (although **Hoch's St. Peter** is quite a bargain at 75p) and try something different like **Niersteiner Domtal** 1970, which is only 78p., **Hochheimer Berg** 1970 at 95p, **Schloss Bockelheimer Riesling** 1969 at £1.10 or **Forster Mariengarten Riesling** or **Forster Jesuitengarten Riesling,** both 1969 and both estate bottled at £1.15. For special occasions the German wines



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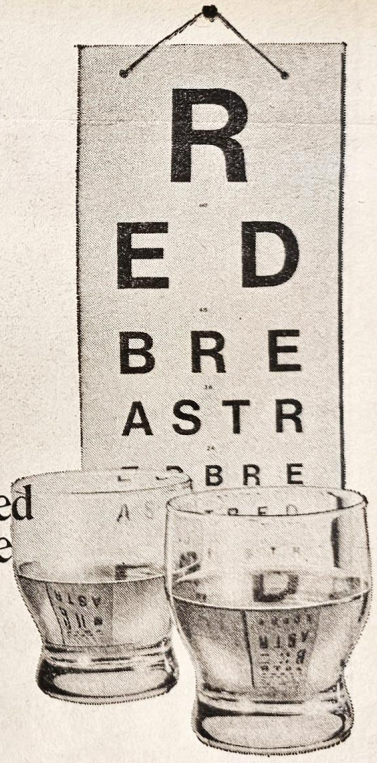

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GOOD LIVING DRINK

NESS'S OF PHIBSBORO', another major wine retailer who has gone from strength to strength since first mentioned in this column some years ago. McGuinness's range of wines is now greater than ever and includes some very fine vintages as well as wine for more modest purses.

The great bargain for everyday drinking, and at this price you can afford to drink it everyday, is the **Mahler-Besse** red and white **La Chapelle** carafe wine at 58p.

If you buy by the case **Ch. Robert,** 1966, **Ch. Bellevue** 1967 and **Vh. La Boscq** 1967 can be had for £12 per case of a dozen bottles. Other buys to note in the Clarets are **Ch. Lynch Bages** 1967 £1.95, **Ch. d'Issan** 1962 at £1.90, **Ch. Laujac** 1966 at £1.50, **Ch. Dillon** 1966 at £1.40 and **Ch. Léoville-Barton** 1964 at £2.40.

In the Burgundies **Vosne Romanée** 1964 is reasonably priced at £1.40, and there are some very interesting whites such as **Chassagne Montrachet** 1969 at £1.50, a dry, scented and delicious white wine which is well known, the equally well-known **Meursault** 1970 at £1.20 and some domaine bottled wines like **Puligny Montrachet** 1969 at £2.20. Joseph Drouhin's rare white **Beune Clos des Mouches** at £2.99. For the wine drinker with a discerning palate and not too much money the most reliable of the whites still seems to be the **Piat de Macon Viré,** a lovely dry, clean wine costing only £1.10 for the 1970 vintage.

I like the Rhône wines from Paul Jaboulet such as the 1969 **Châteauneuf du Pape** at £1.55, or the white **Hermitage** 1966 at £1.30. New lines include **Brouilly** 1971 at £1.30 which is a rich and fruity Beaujolais with all the enchanting characteristics of the Gamay grape.

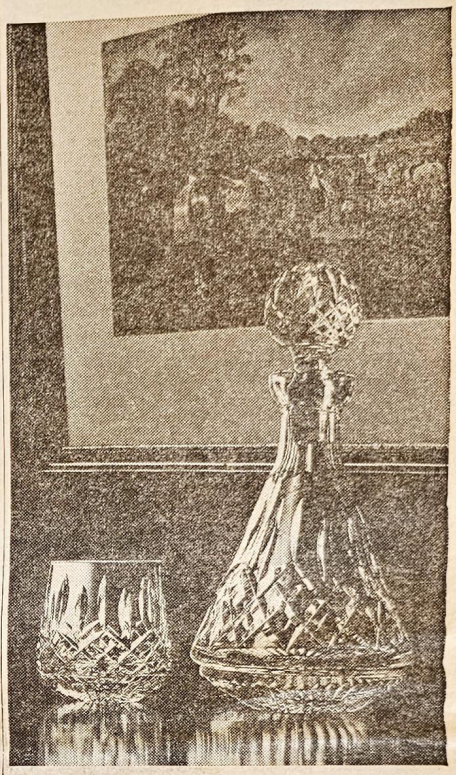
Italian wines are also well represented at McGuinness's with the **Bertolli Orvieto** at 95p, a 1967 **Barbera** at £1.29 and Castelli Romani 1969 at 87½p. There are a number of good genuine Chiantis to choose from — look for the black cock seal for a good Chianti Classico—including the **Bertolli** at £2.35 for a half-gallon bottle.

Mr. McGuinness who went

off to the Algerian vineyards this year now offers Algerian wines which are interesting as vin ordinaire and are to be recommended with highly spiced food like many Mediterranean style dishes. There is a red which is quite full-bodied and rough like some of the Provence wines, a sweetish rosé and a dry, pleasant Blance de Blanc. All are estate bottled but cost only 63p per bottle.

McGuinness's also have American wines which are well worth trying. The white **Emerald Dry** is the cheapest at 97½p, the **Reisling** costs £1.05 and the red **Pinot Noir,** a a Burgundy style full bodied wine, is priced at £1.15. Other unusual wines available here are the **Chilean Cabernet,** very good value for a most pleasant wine at 8p. **Dao,** which has the potential to be Portugal's great wine is available in white and red. Both can be recommended as they have considerable character. They cost £1.25 per bottle.

There is a wide range of German wines from Mosel and Rhine, including one of the few German red wines **Ingelheimer Rotwein** at 97½p. Amongst the special whites I noted **Rudesheimer Kiefel Riesling Feine Spatlese** at £2.00 and **Geisenheimer Steinader Riesling Feine Spatlese** at £3.30. There is also a fine **Trockenbeeren Auslese** (made from grapes not only selected for ripeness but specially dried before making the wine—hence the price) at £3.67 which is unusual as it is not from Germany as one might expect but from Austria.



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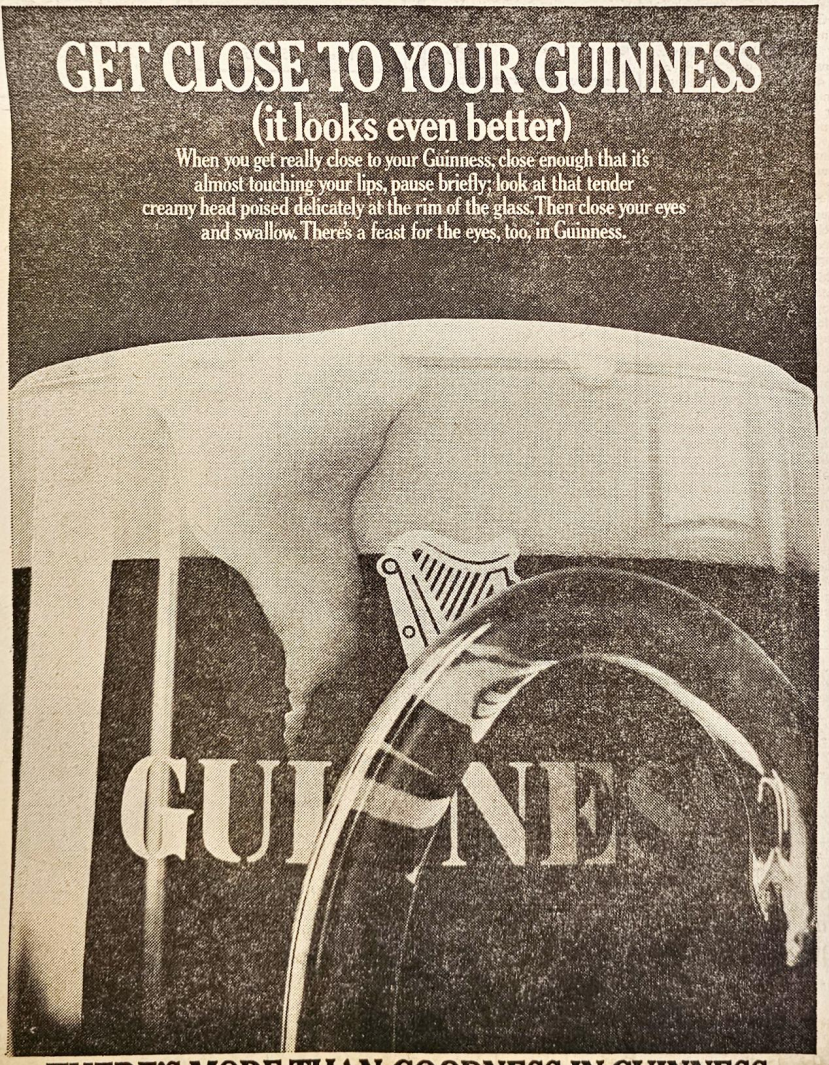

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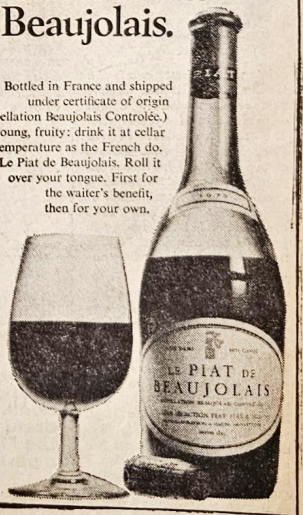
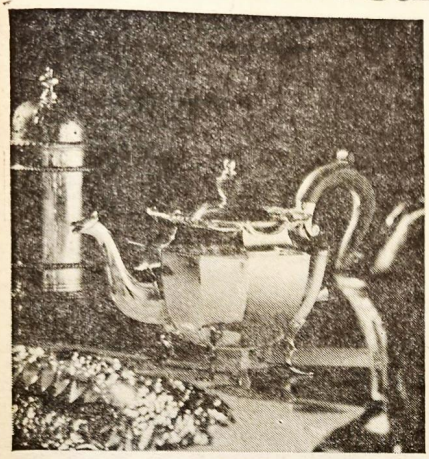
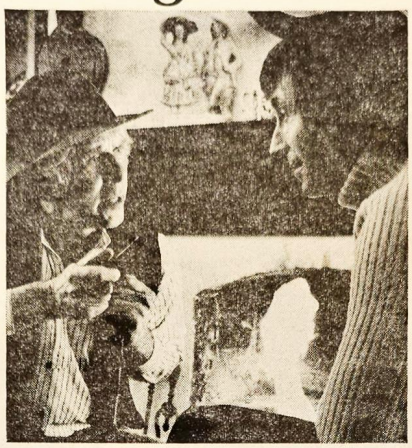
in Beaujolais.

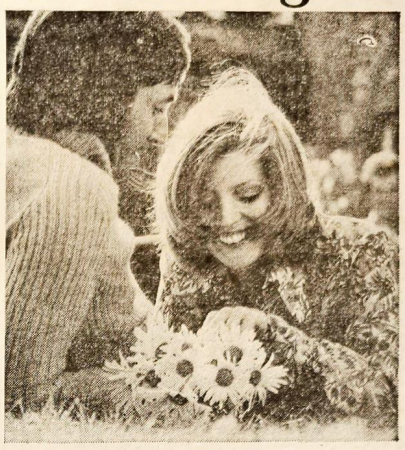
Bottled in France and shipped under certificate of origin (Appellation Beaujolais Controlée.) Young, fruity: drink it at cellar temperature as the French do. Le Piat de Beaujolais. Roll it over your tongue. First for the waiter's benefit, then for your own.



There are still things in life worth valuing







The gleam of bright silver
The skill of a storyteller
The warmth of a smile
The taste of a great whiskey

Jameson – one of the great whiskeys

ARKS

FINANCE PROPERTY ECONOMICS

Capital Rampant

The Financial Editor

THERE IS NO TRADITION in this country of the Governor of the Central Bank speaking out personally on economic issues. In the U.K. and in the U.S., the experience has been rather different. When Governors of the Bank of England, or Chairmen of the Federal Reserve Bank felt it incumbent to state their views, even when these might be politically unpopular, they have more often than not spoken out unequivocally. One thinks particularly of Sir Leslie O'Brien, and McChesney Martin in the U.S. is in the same mould. But the traditional reticence in this country may explain why Dr. T. K. Whitaker in speaking to the recent *Irish Times* Conference on Investment, limited his contribution to 'raising some questions about mergers and takeovers which I think are causing disquiet . . . ' The pity is that instead of raising questions, he didn't state his own opinion or offer some of his own answers. There are a lot of questions in a lot of minds about various aspects of the Irish economy at this moment—but too few people are willing to commit themselves to views and opinions that might be unpopular with the establishment.

Dr. Whitaker was dealing principally with the reaction of entrepreneurs and financial institutions to the current rampant inflation. He found for instance Mr. Martin Rafferty's pragmatic statement that "the rapid inflation in the Irish economy favours a capital rather than income accumulation of wealth," the "greatest indictment of inflation itself," and he wondered that if sections of the community come to have a vested interest in continued inflation whether this will not tend to feed inflation further? But he stopped short at the point of offering his own 'solutions.'

Dr. Whitaker might, for instance, have considered the role of those institutions which are supplying the credit to the new breed of entrepreneurs. Behind each of the new 'shell' operations that have appeared on the Irish scene in the past year or so, has been an associated bank, a merchant bank, or an insurance company. Without the very substantial financial backing from such institutions, the new "aggressive mobilisers of existing shareholders" would be almost totally impotent. But if Dr. Whitaker is genuinely convinced that "it cannot be desirable, socially or economically, that financial transactions or speculation should yield bigger gains than production," then why does he not take steps to curb that type of lending by the institutions under his control?

The reality is, of course, that financial transactions have always yielded bigger gains than any other form of economic activity. One has only to look at the dominance of the financial institutions in any capitalist economy to prove that point. And to the extent that they are all involved in stock and property transactions, their dealings are as close to speculation as makes no difference. Nor do the state companies such as Irish Life Assurance or Industrial Credit provide any exception to this pattern. They are all good capitalists. And ironically the single institution that profits most of all from financial transactions in this country is the Central Bank itself. Last year the profit made by the Central Bank was not exceeded by the top ten Irish manufacturing companies put together! Dr. Whitaker should be ashamed of himself.

It is apparent therefore that the real object of the Governor's admonitions were not the financial institutions or vehicles themselves but rather the new breed of men who are emerging so lucratively out of them. What really worries Dr. Whitaker (and many others besides) in the scandal to society that the overnight creation of personal fortunes must cause. Like the Centre Point office block in central London, which has remained unoccupied for five years, it confuses people and undermines confidence in the system. Both phenomena are possible because of high inflation and high rates of income taxation. But the cause should not be confused with the effect. As long as governments tolerate these fundamental conditions in the economy, then so long will intelligent business men take steps to profit by them.

There is however one step that could be taken to dampen the ardour of speculators and that would be the imposition of a capital gains tax. Obviously there are dangers in considering a tax of this nature in a country that needs to attract capital investment. But again it would have been interesting to have the Governor of the Central Bank commit himself on this important issue.

The Board of Directors of Doreen Ltd. From left to right: Mr. Cecil Vard (Chairman), Mr. Leslie Vard, Mr. Jack Vard and Mr. William Cronin.

Doreen and Jack Toohey

A Special Correspondent

IN ONE FELL SWOOP, (Doreen (Dublin) has really moved into the big time with its £1¼m. take-over of Jack Toohey Ltd. The relative size of this move can be judged by the fact that only three months ago Doreen was capitalised at under £½ million. On the recent run of events in Dublin, this looks like a reverse take-over of Doreen by Jack Toohey Ltd. but this is quite definitely not the case in this instance for the consideration in the purchase is mainly cash and the board of directors of Doreen remains unchanged.

The case histories of Irish companies who grow from a small single plant into a multi-plant operation, are not overflowing with success stories. (The most notoriously bad example of this was the Brittain Group).

It will be interesting to see if Doreen's directors are able to prove the exception, but even if they manage it successfully, they are still stuck with a fairly massive illiquid situation.

The terms of the deal for Toohey's are £700,000 in cash plus 700,000 ordinary Doreen shares. Looking at the cash item alone, it is almost three times the size of Doreen's net assets and twice the size of its total gross assets. By any standards this is a massive cash outflow and one that Doreen could never have raised without the active participation of the Investment Bank of Ireland.

Besides the cash outflow Doreen will also be raising its issue capital by nearly 50%. The effect of these two items will be to radically transform Doreen's whole financial position, which traditionally has always been a very conservative one, with no long term borrowing and only a barely visible bank overdraft. The total assets inside Toohey amount to £820,000, but this includes a loan item of £350,000 which is not included in the deal, leaving the net asset position at slightly under £470,000. These assets do not even cover the cash outflow alone and will thus create a massive goodwill item in Doreen's balance sheet, which under the new accounting directives will have to be written off against reserves. This will have the effect of eliminating practically all Doreen's reserves and reducing the net asset value per share towards par (10p).

Of the £700,000 which Doreen has paid, the I.B.I. and its subsidiary Share and Loan Trust are lending the firm £525,000. The company itself is raising a further £80,000 by a one for ten rights issue at 50p a share (without the I.B.I.'s help, this latter amount is indicative of the fund raising capacity of Doreen on its own). A further £100,000 will presumably have to be raised by an ordinary bank overdraft. Consolidating the two balance sheets a radical transformation is immediately apparent, not just in the size of the figures themselves, but in the whole structure. Even including the re-valuation of the two companies' assets, the debt/equity relationship will go from nil at the last balance sheet to over 200%, an almost intolerable burden.

Why then did Doreen take on such a financial load? The answer to this one is simply the beauty of Toohey's profit record. Although this has fluctuated somewhat over the last five years it hit a new high of £167,000 last year. This indicates a return of net assets of over 33%. With 85% of production going abroad the tax charge is negligible and after tax the return comes out at 30%, more than twice Doreen's after tax return on its much smaller asset base.

Two and a half years ago Jack Toohey sold out his business to Desiree Lingerie (Holdings) of Capetown, South Africa. Besides the financial peculiarity in this deal, whereby Jack Toohey Ltd. actually lent Desiree Lingerie Ltd. £350,000, which Desiree then used as part of the purchase price for Jack Toohey Ltd., there is now the problem of continuity of management in Jack Toohey Ltd. itself. The management of this company has always been very much a one man show and in fact part of the deal in the sell out to Desiree was that Jack Toohey himself should remain in charge, on a 3-year management contract at a nominal salary of £500. When Desiree bought Toohey it also made Jack Toohey sign a restrictive covenant which specifically prevented him from competing against the company up to 1975. However, as part of the Doreen purchase of Toohey, this restrictive covenant has been specifically withdrawn. If nothing was going to happen there would be no particular reason for this change to be made now, so one can only assume that Jack Toohey fully intends to re-enter the trade on his own account, not a very inviting prospect for Doreen.

While Toohey is in the same trade as Doreen it operates in a different section and sells in a different market. Doreen is mainly concerned with ladies' dresses and suits, the bulk of which (80%) are sold on the home market, whereas Toohey is concerned on rainwear, the vast bulk of which (85%) is sold in Britain. As Doreen is a one plant operation closely controlled by the Vard family, the integration of Toohey will create many problems, although it could, of course, open up new opportunities.

Doreen's shares now stand at 75p, 2½ times the pre-take-over level, where, even on the forecast dividend, the yield drops to a admittedly well covered 3%. This is a considerable act of faith in the directors' capacity to deal with a much larger operation, with the participation of Jack Toohey himself looking uncertain, and with financial changes bearing very heavily from the word go.

Doreen's Top Ten Shareholders

Cecil Vard	322,952
Jack Vard	322,953
Leslie Vard	322,953
National Bank Nominees	35,900
Industrial Credit	28,589
Mrs. Doreen Morris	15,153
Kenneth Freeman	10,000
P.M.P.A. Insurance Company	9,500
John F. Doohan	5,000
Dermot Egan	5,000
E. S. Gibson Investments	5,000

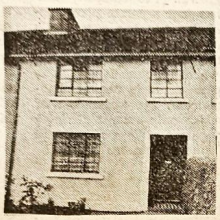
Total Ordinary Share Issue: 1,541,320 10p shares

Recent Property Sales

"ANNAMORE,"
SYDNEY AVENUE,
BLACKROCK.

Detached period residence on ¾ acre.
Accommodation : Entrance hall with cloakroom and w.c. off, large drawingroom with sunroom opening to garden, diningroom, study kitchen, domestic offices, 4 principal bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., airing closet, maid's room, 2nd bathroom.
Outside : Enclosed yard with outoffices, well-kept gardens with greenhouse, 3-roomed coachhouse-cum-garage.
Tenure : Freehold. R.V. £40.
JAMES ADAM AND SONS.
Sold for £32,250.

50 LANSDOWNE PARK,
BALLSBRIDGE, DUBLIN 4.



Compact family residence.
Accommodation: Entrance Hall, 2 reception, kitchenette, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Gardens front and rear.
Tenure: Long lease. G.R. £7.50 R.V. £15.50.
PROPERTY SALES LTD.
Sold for £8,000.

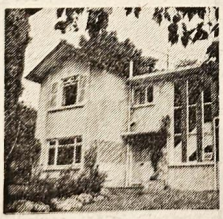
"CORRADINA",
NEWTOWNPARK AVE.,
BLACKROCK.

Detached family residence.
Accommodation: 2 reception, kitchenette and breakfast room, conservatory, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, separate toilet. Large walled-in gardens, toilet, garage and outoffices.
Tenure: Long lease subject to £15 p.a. R.V. £36.45.
LISNEY & SON.
Sold for £17,100.

"ROCKFIELD,"
BRIGHTON ROAD,
FOXROCK, CO. DUBLIN.

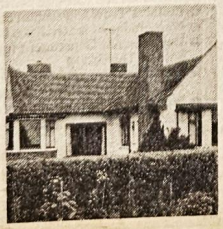
Secluded modern bungalow.
Accommodation : Entrance hall, cloakroom, very large lounge and dining area, french door to patio, study, 4 bedrooms, bathroom with shower, kitchen-diner, utility room. Gardens, summerhouse, 2 garages and gardening sheds.
Lease: 250 years from 1928.
G.R. £15. R.V. £36.
JACKSON STOPS & McCABE.
Sold for £28,500.

"SANTA BARBARA,"
KILLINEY HILL ROAD,
KILLINEY.



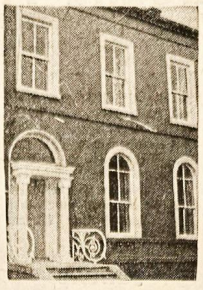
Detached modern house.
Accommodation: 2 reception rooms, 4 family bedrooms, central heating. Garage and gardens.
HAMILTON & HAMILTON.
Sold for £16,000.

"MOORSIDE,"
WINDGATE ROAD
BAILY, DUBLIN.



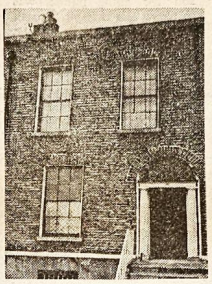
Detached cottage-style residence.
Accommodation: Entrance hall, large sittingroom, sun patio, kitchen-cum-breakfastroom, main bedroom with a w.c., 2 other bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., large attic mostly floored.
Outside: Detached garage, fuel house, tool house and w.c., greenhouse, approx. one acre of garden.
Lease: 250 years from 1948,
G.R. £12. R.V. £40.15.
HAMLTON AND HAMILTON
Sold for £21,500.

4 AVOCA ROAD,
BLACKROCK.



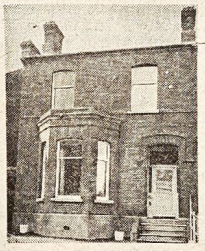
Family residence with investment possibilities, recently completely refurnished.
OSBORNE KING & MEGRAN.
Sold for £30,000.

53, BELGRAVE SQUARE,
RATHMINES.



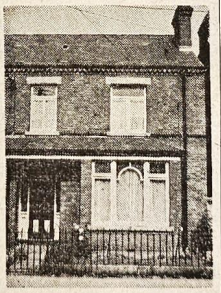
3-storey Town House with investment possibilities. In need of repair.
Accommodation : 3 reception, 3 bedrooms, etc. Large gardens front and rear.
Lease 99 years from 1941. G.R. £10.. R.V. £25.
MORGAN SCALES.
Sold for £8,200.

39 UPR. DRUMCONDRA ROAD
DUBLIN 9.



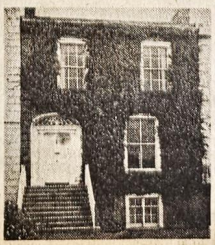
Red-brick, semi-detached residence.
Accommodation: Entrance Hall, large drawingroom, diningroom, livingroom, kitchen, bathroom and w.c. First floor: 6 bedrooms, separate w.c.
Outside : Double garage with rear access, sun patio, boiler house, gardens front and rear.
Tenure: Long lease. R.V. £31.
HAMILTON AND HAMILTON
Sold for £16,500.

19, CASIMIR ROAD,
HAROLD'S CROSS.



Two-storey residence with investment possibilities.
Accommodation : 2 two-bedroom flats, 1 bedsittingroom. Large garage at rear.
Lease : 900 years. G.R. £5. R.V. £22.
MORGAN SCALES.
Sold for £9,400.

3 SANDYCOVE AVE. WEST,
SANDYCOVE.



Georgian-style family residence.
Accommodation : Large drawingroom, diningroom, return bathroom, four bedrooms, large kitchen/breakfastroom with scullery and pantry. Gardens front and rear, garage space.
Lease: 99 years from 1937.
G.R. £5.
LISNEY AND SON
Sold for £16,000.

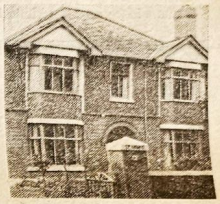
"WILLOWBANK,"
SANDYFORD ROAD,
DUNDRUM, DUBLIN 14.

Detached residence on 1 acre of grounds.
Accommodation : 2 large reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, modern kitchen, bathroom, separate toilet. In addition, 4 all-purpose rooms on the garden level, and out-office accommodation in enclosed yard. Oil-fired central heating.
Tenure : Freehold. R.V. £28.
GOOD AND GANLY.
Sold for £24,000.

110 RATHDOWN PARK,
TERENURE,

Detached bungalow, built in 1952. Accommodation: Entrance hall, lounge, diningroom with French windows, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen. 3-car garage and workshop. Gardens, patio and courtyard entrance.
Lease: 900 years from 1952.
G.R. £10. R.V. £28.50.
ARTHUR F. BENNETT.
Sold for £19,250.

26, BRAEMOR PARK,
RATHGAR.

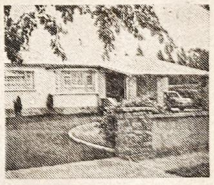


Detached, double-fronted, pre-war residence.
Accommodation : Entrance hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, kitchen with pantry, utility room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, separate w.c., linen press. Garage and toolhouse, walled gardens, 2 side entrances.
Lease : 900 years. G.R. £15. R.V. £38.50.
JAMES ADAM AND SONS
Sold for £19,000.

15, CHURCHILL TERRACE,
BALLSBRIDGE.

Two-storey residence with investment possibilities.
Accommodation : Presently 2 self-contained flats.
OSBORNE, KING AND MEGRAN.
Sold for £11,400.

23, GREENFIELD PARK,
DONNYBROOK



Modern bungalow residence.
Accommodation : Entrance hall with cloakroom and inner storeroom, large sittingroom, with doors to loggia and terrace, study, diningroom, kitchen with breakfast area, laundry room with w.c. off, master bedroom with dressing room and bathroom, 2 other bedrooms, second bathroom with shower, linen cupboard.
Large rear garden, carport, toolshed.
Held forever free of rent. R.V. £51.50.
JAMES ADAM AND SONS,
Sold for £35,000.

"SUNCROFT",
UPPER BALLYMOUNT ROAD,
CLONDALKIN.

Detached modern bungalow.
Accommodation: Large hallway and cloakroom, livingroom, diningroom, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., 3 bedrooms. Walled gardens, garage, fuel store.
Tenure: Freehold. R.V. £22.65.
JAMES ADAM AND SONS.
Sold for £10,250.

17 ST. JOHN'S ROAD,
CLONDALKIN.

Semi-dethached bungalow residence.
Accommodation: 3 reception, large lounge, 3 bedrooms.
Outside: Gardens front and back.
Tenure: Long lease. G.R. £12.50; R.V. £23.
MURPHY, BUCKLEY AND KEOGH.
Sold for £8,500.

. . . Around The City With Moneybags

THE GOVERNMENT is now doing with Ballingarry mines what it should have done in February, 1971, i.e. offering it for sale. In that case at least the £280,000 of public money which was sunk last December into the company, would have been saved. And if my guess is right, as much again will have come down the shaft before **John Donnelly,** the receiver, gets this one off his hands.

But come to think of it, would it not be an excellent idea for John Donnelly to buy it himself? In his advertisement for sale he states that independent technical reports estimate recoverable reserves of between 1½ million and 2 million tons of high grade anthracite. He also states that there is a ready market for all anthracite mined. When one combines this assurance with his own report to the Government of February, 1972, the mine looks like a perfect snip. As revealed exclusively in **Hibernia** recently (and this information caused some stir in the club here), Donnelly, in his report for the Government, forecast profits for Ballingarry rising to £370,000 in 1981—and this after all finance charges. Maybe that report was all nonsense, or maybe the 150 men could still be at work. But I'd love to see John Donnelly putting his money where his mouth is. Personally, I won't be surprised if the "purchaser," in one guise or another, turns out to be none other than the irrepressible Thomas O'Brien.

Janelle

THE RECORD of those companies whose main reason for going public was to allow the owners to cash in a portion of their interest has not been a very good one on the Irish Stock Exchange. In Janelle's case all of the £720,000 is going into the pockets of the directors, essentially **Charles and Mannix Smith.** And it is not as if these two have been ploughing back all the profits in the company to-date. Over the last three years they have withdrawn in dividends a total of £180,000, and this sum has hardly been affected at all by either income or sur-tax because of export relief thanks to 90% of the company's sales going abroad.

Despite this technical reservation the company does, however, seem to be very well managed and appears, unlike so many other Irish operations, to have mastered mass production techniques. It's marketing attitude too, which looks on the whole British Isles as its home market, is soundly based and it is unlikely that we are ever going to hear this company moaning and groaning about import competition. Another aspect of Janelle that I feel is most encouraging is that the directors appear to have been able to deal with the problems of growth. The company now has four separate plants operating and has successfully overcome the transition from the single plant operation where you can get away with a much weaker management, the weaknesses of which only become glaringly apparent when a second and further plants are opened.

Likely Lads

With **Connor McCarthy** ready to launch himself through Pembroke Investments with the £625,000 cash the I.B.I. organised for him, and **Noel Griffin** jumping on what now must be regarded as a rapidly wearing out band wagon through Ferrier Polock, I have been looking around the public company scene to see who might be next to make this move.

There are two essential specifications for this vehicle launching. The first is, the man involved must have built up a dynamic management image, and the second must be that he is fed up doing the donkey work while other people get the pay-off mainly through a rising share price.

I have looked through the public companies and the remaining stars are few enough One who does stick out, however, is **Ian Morrison,** Managing Director of the Bank of Ireland, although whether he would be prepared to give up his prestigious position must be doubted. In the same group **Kevin Wylie,** Managing Director of The Merchant Bank, I.B.I. is also a possible runner, but he is probably too much of a professional banker, having been seconded from Morgan Grenvell in the first place, to take up such a commitment. **Michael O'Keefe,** of Motor Manufacturers comes to mind as does **Kevin McCourt** M.D. of Irish Distilleries. McCourt has only just fixed up an option scheme for himself and would appear to be stuck for the next few years, as will **Gordon Lamber,** M.D. of Jacobs, who will want to be there for the pay-off from Jacob's new Tallaght factory. There

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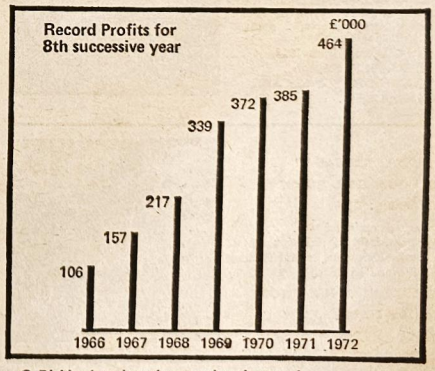
WILSON HARTNELL

HEITON HOLDINGS LIMITED

Extracts from the Annual Report in respect of the year to the 30th April 1972.



- Dividends and earnings per share increased
- Builders' Providers section continues to prosper
- Wider range of materials to be stocked in all branches
- Development Department formed to broaden the base of The Group
- Property Team appointed to study the development of Group City Centre properties
- Prospects of continued progress following a good start to the current year

Copies of the Report may be obtained from:
The Secretary, Tara House, Tara Street, Dublin 2.

are a few other possibilities like **Alan Mallinson**, of Navan, and **John O'Connor**, late of New Ireland. I wouldn't however, put a penny on any of these moving out within the next twelve months

SHARE OPTIONS

SHARE OPTION schemes are now becoming very popular and with penal rates of surtax are one of the few ways that executives can be financially motivated. When Doreen drew up its scheme last May, they drew it up in such a way that the only person who qualified under terms of the scheme was **William Cronin**, the Financial Director. At the E.G.M. last May the chairman, **Cecil Vard**, said that an unnamed executive (our friend William Cronin) had been promised a stake in the scheme some months ago and proposed hat the whole scheme be back dated to allow this executive to take up shares at a cheaper price. William Cronin has duly taken up 50,000 shares at apparently 21p. a share to show a current paper profit of £30,000. As Cronin is the only man in the company to fit into the scheme requirements so far earning over £3,000 p.a. and having less than 5% of the equity) and has taken up the maximum possible allocation, namely twice his salary (£4,000 a year). I cannot help wondering who designed the scheme in the first place

escape the rigors of disclosure demanded by the Stock Exchange Rules is by proving to the Council of the I.S.E. that "the required information would not be in their interests." The recommendation of the Dublin Council has then to be approved by the New Issues Committee in London.

The absence of proper half-yearly statements is the biggest problem area. As recently as last November William Freeman, as Chairman of the Brittain Group said: "I think interim reports in general are most unfortunate things. I set very little store by interim statements and in my experience on the whole they do more harm than good" and he would appear to have many sympathisers even in the stock-broking community.

The most recent default was committed by Ready-mix. The rules require that full half-yearly profit figures be published but Readymix ommitted these in its recent interim statement. Readymix is not the only defaulter and it is not only in interim statements that the required information is not disclosed.

City Gallery No. 14

Brian Loughney

Irish Trust Bank

HOW MUCH LONGER will the committee of the Irish Stock Exchange allow Companies to default in publishing the information required by the rules of federation of Stock Exchanges of which the I.S.E. is a member?

Irish Companies are notorious for refusing to publish information. The only way a quoted Company can

Bookworm

WITH DECLINING years and failing eyesight, I have to admit that my reading is less than it used to be and less than I would like. But I still delve into the back pocket to acquire the latest reference books, of which I believe the average businessman of today makes far too little use.

Among the Autumn Business Books, therefore, I will probably pick up *Businessman's Guide to the Common Market*, Pall Mall (£4), by Derek Prag and E. D. Nicholson, which purports to tell the businessman everything he needs to know about trade agreements, laws, taxes, tariffs, transport, etc.

For students I can recommend an addition to the "Penguin Reference" series, *The Penguin Dictionary of Economics*, compiled by Graham Bannock, R. E. Baxter and Ray Rees.

I also like the sound of *The Oil Barons*, Hart-Davis MacGibbon (£2.50), by Richard O'Connor — the story of the all-powerful oil industry and the colourful, ruthless men who made it a dominant influence in today's world.

But for bed-time reading, some other titles have caught my eye. Michael Joseph are publishing three comparatively light-hearted books in the finance and economics field. In *Confessions of a Stockbroker* (September, £2.40), "Brutus" comes clean about how the American stockbroker operates. Andrew Tobias relates the remarkable story of the National Student Marketing Corporation in *The Funny Money Game* (October, £2.50) and in *The Fortunemakers* (October, £3), Gerald McKnight tells the secrets of the financial whizz kids in Britain today.

"The Rake's Progress"

Returning somewhat crest-fallen from Paris, I was in no mood for lectures, no matter how deserved or well intentioned but Moneybags was affability itself and pressed me to dinner at the club. A brace of pigeon and two bottles of port later, Roberto forgotten, I had begun to outline my plans for the coming National Hunt season.

The continuing dry spell means that trainers cannot risk a racehorse even on the schooling ground. Horses who have experience from last season need a reminder of what its all about and young novice animals, bursting with exuberance after a long leisurely, summer in the open fields have yet to see a fence in anger.

Saturday's Irish Cesarewitch is rarely run on good or fast ground and the field usually includes a few seasoned steeplechasers as well as the versatile flat-cum-hurdlers who make racing so interesting. Of the 15 horses aged five and over left in the race on Tuesday one only has not jumped hurdles. Of those Brendons Road is the class performer, having won five flat races and finished second in another since his last hurdles race. **Captain Christy** ran well over hurdles last Saturday and seems to me to represent an each way bet.

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MARY KENNYS LONDON DIARY

THE EDITOR of *Hibernia* recently remarked on the irony of my having called this column a London Diary, when I have scarcely been in London for a week at a time since it started. London, I've decided, is a great place to be based, but I wouldn't want to live here — all the time. Or anywhere else. I never thought that I would catch the travel bug; travel, I always considered the distraction of the bored, the lonely, the rich and the frivolous. I could never understand what a nice girl like Maeve Binchy was doing in it. W. B. Yeats's counsel to his daughter to live like some green linnet tree "always in one dear perpetual place" seemed me the best one could have.

Living in one dear perpetual place gave you a perspective, an identity, a sense of belonging that the nomadic life can never bestow. But I am discovering now that you can become addicted to getting on and off aeroplanes, climbing in and out of trains, constantly riding in strange buses and trams and taxis and boats and even bicycles. If I had a private income, or a rich dead husband, neither of which my principles or my luck would permit, I think I'd like to be like Graham Greene's aunt, and travel all the time on the Orient Express, and just watch strange people and places come and go for the rest of my life. I seem to catch more planes than trains, though; I'm beginning to feel that my own one dear perpetual place is Heathrow Airport. I certainly see more of it than my own hearth these days. Why, even the passport officers are beginning to smile and say Good Morning now.

I don't trust any of My Captains, not even the technocratic Americans, not even the meticulous Germans. I *know* that when they say keep your seat-belts fastened we're in for a little turbulence, the tail wing has fallen off, and when they tell you that the flight is being delayed over a small mechanical adjustment that, in fact, they need to put more Sellotape on the undercarriage. Half the time there are mad Arabs on board carrying bombs, and they don't even *tell* the passengers, because of their policy of treating us like babies. They just say we're being diverted to the Canaries for traffic reasons. This is, of course, the point where your luggage is then diverted to Hong Kong.

Oh, I know what goes on in airlines; I'm nobody's fool. Some folks say that nobody will ever hire women pilots, because passengers wouldn't feel confident with a woman at the throttle. But I'd feel more confident. At least, I could be sure that she hadn't been up half the night carousing with the stewardesses. Not entirely sure, of course, but more sure. Bring back the horse and cart, that's what I say.

◆ ◆ ◆

WHAT DO YOU need on a foreign trip? A change of underware, washing things, one set of clothes for the day and something long for the evenings in case you have to meet the President. The long evening thing can also double as a dressing-gown or night-dress, if necessary. One swimsuit, since a lot of foreign hotels have pools, and it's the only healthy exercise you're likely to get.

ONE travelling chess set, in case you get lonely. (Memo to all those girls who write to Angela MacNamara in search of husbands; you meet more eligible blokes playing chess than you've had hot dinners. Give up the French lessons, and take to chess.) One small radio for the news—there's always an English-speaking station within range. A paperback book of Irish poetry in case you get maudlin and need a nostalgic wallow. A copy of The Imitation of Christ in case you get an attack of religion. You tend to be more prone to attacks of religion in strange foreign places, I've found. There's a thing called the Dying-Alone-In-A-Foreign Hotel syndrome which some times overcomes you. You're lying alone in bed in this foreign hotel when you suddenly get a terrible pain in your head/chest/stomach/kidneys. Of course, it's a brain/tumour/heart attack/stroke/burst blood vessel. Maybe it's even rabies, since you patted that foreign dog in the restaurant. There's no one you can call, since the night porter only speaks Serbo-Croat.

The sole Texan you met in the lobby has taken all his sleeping pills by now, and it would be a bit too embarrassing to raise the Irish Ambassador at this hour. I mean, what would you say? "Excuse me, Mr. Boucher-Hayes, I'm an Irish journalist here in Ruritania, and I think I'm dying?" Instead, you just lie there, knowing you're dying-alone-in-a-foreign-hotel and no one cares. Then you start feeling very religious, which is where Thomas à Kempis comes in. Better, you think, to be found in the odour of sanctity than with an empty whiskey bottle and a dirty book, as some *have* been.

There's no doubt about it: travel broadens the mind, enlightens the intellect, uplifts the spirit and adds new and finer dimensions to the personality. As you can see.

◆ ◆ ◆

I'VE JUST been to Germany for the paper*, but also as a guest of the German Government. The idea was to meet the President and have a look at the coming elections, which take place on November 19. I had a nice, quiet time. I find it very difficult to say anything about Germany, except that it seems such a well-organised boring, normal, modern democracy. It is impossible to believe, looking at the Germans, that only a generation ago they were regarded as the stalking monsters of Europe. The bourgeoisie looks fat and prosperous and good-tempered; the young look long-haired and untidy; the worker buys you a beer and shows you his new Opel; and the trains *don't* run on time. The election is basically about details—basically all parties in the Bundestag are committed to some sort of democracy. Everyone agrees that Ostpolitik—*détente* with the East—must go on. Everyone agrees that inflation must be controlled. Everyone agrees that the E.E.C. is a Good Thing. Willy Brandt, whom everyone agrees is a Good Guy, says there is corruption, but I think he means that a few people have left his party for the Other Side.

The difference between the Social Democrats and Christian Democrats is, in practice, about the same as F.F. and F.G. (The Social Democrats' Party conference which I attended in Dortmund was very much like your average Ard-Fheis.) One day, the Germans are going to have a real problem with their *gasterbeiter*—the foreign workers who fuel the still-booming economy of Germany (unemployment is less than 1 per cent.), and who are to a large extent exploited. But until then the main theme of the election seems to be this business of who has changed parties and with whom. "People," one politician said to me, "like treason, but not the traitor." Oddly enough, I thought of Maria McGuire.

◆ ◆ ◆

IN LONDON, I spent a great evening recently at the Royal Court seeing a controversial play called *England's Ireland*. Met a lot of people there, including Alan Simpson and his wife, Eileen Colgan; Edna O'Brien, my lovely doctor, Jerry Slattery, who knows every Irish person in London, and Eamonn McCann, who is working hard on his book for Penguin.

Also Luke Kelly of *The Dubliners*, who spent a lot of time complaining that the Inland Revenue was killing him. "Effing Charlie Haughey's effing artistic exemption," he grumbled, "effing unfair that it only applies to effing *writers*. Why doesn't it apply to other artists? I've built a whole theatre in Dublin, and they're still killing me with tax." It's a fair point. We got thrown out of the Irish Club, a whole lot of us, on the flimsey pretence that it was past licensing hours. "Effing Fianna Fail fascists," cried Luke, with justification. (English friends, however, think it is a distinction to be thrown out of the I.C. Enda simply looked serene and beautiful, as she always does. Her play (from the book), *A Pagan Place*, is in rehearsal at the Court at the moment, and will open early next month. She really must be one of the loveliest women in the world: she's all Irish Mother, right through.

Lelia Doolan came over to see *England's Ireland*, to consider it for the Abbey. I'm not sure if a decision has yet been taken, but it really should go to Dublin.

It's a left wing documentary-analysis of the last three years in Northern Ireland, written by seven English playwrights, the best know of whom are David Hare and Snoo Wilson. It's violent, inaccurate and fascinating. In a way, it seems like the English, bending over backwards about Ireland, being desperately guilty. It seems terribly harsh on the Protestants. But it operates at a much deeper level than at first it seems to, and it is just right for Dublin, which feeds vicariously off the violence in the North, but never really involves itself in it. Like the rest of us.

*Mary Kenny is a staff writer for the London *Evening Standard*.

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